PORT ANGELES.
For Cheap and Desirable Property, apply to
BOURCHIER & HIGGINS.

The Daily Colonist.

PORT ANGELES.
For Cheap and Desirable Property, apply to
BOURCHIER & HIGGINS.

VOL. LXI---NO. 126. VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1889. THIRTY-FIRST YEAR.

HUDSON'S BAY CO.

NOW LANDING, EX "NORCROSS," FROM LONDON:

PAINTS, OILS, SHOT, CARPETS, HESSENS, BLANKETS, FIRE BRICKS, ETC.

—AND—

Further supplies to arrive per "DOCHRA," now due.

—ALSO ON HAND—

Full Stocks of Wines and Groceries.

aug9-1y

BRITISH COLUMBIA
LAND AND INVESTMENT AGENCY, L'd

THOMAS ALLSOP,
HENRY S. MASON,
CUYLER A. HOLLAND } DIRECTORS.

HEAD OFFICE, 15 Serjeant's Inn, Fleet St, LONDON, ENGLAND.

The business of ALLSOP & MASON has been merged in the above Company and will be carried on by the Company from this date as a general Land Investment and Insurance Agency.

MONEY TO LOAN on Mortgage at Low Rates.

Town Lots and Farming Lands for Sale on easy terms.

Victoria, B. C., May 16th, 1887. e24-tf-dw

WAGONS AND PLOWS.

DEMPSTER, BEEK & CO.

Have just received a consignment of superior Farm Wagons and Sulky Plows, which they offer to retail at low figures.

BEFORE PURCHASING

A Lumber or Farm Wagon, Call and Examine this Stock.

CORNER BROUGHTON AND BROAD.

aug14-5mo

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

The Property formerly occupied by the BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, situated on the corner of Government and Bastion streets, Victoria.

For full Particulars apply on the premises to

THOMAS C. NUTTALL.

nov9

TACOMA, WASH.!

F. C. AMBRIDGE & CO.,

INVESTMENTS, : LOANS,

REAL ESTATE.

Investments made for Non-Residents a Specialty!

Correspondence Solicited.

901 Pacific Avenue, Tacoma, Wash.

Reference--Tacoma National Bank. nov9

HEATING STOVES. COOK STOVES.

STOVES STOVES STOVES STOVES STOVES STOVES STOVES

Carload of Gurney's Celebrated

STOVES

Have arrived and are now on view

At Cheapside.

PRICES AWAY DOWN.

Geo. Powell & Co., CHEAPSIDE. 141 Government St.

Get your NEW STOVES from, and have your OLD STOVES fitted up by

McLENNAN & McFEELY,

They have a large assortment of Parlor, Heating and Kitchen Stoves, and use

SHIPE'S PATENT 6-IN. STOVE PIPES

In fitting them up. These pipes are made by machinery, are nicely polished and resemble Russian iron, every joint a perfect fit, the ornamentation is new. No rivets are used, and in the Spring the pipes may be shipped apart and fifty joints can be easily stowed in the stove on which they were used. Same price as common misfitting pipe.

70 Yates Street. my4-12mos Telephone 454.

Acre and Half Acre Lots on the

TOLMIE ESTATE

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST DESIRABLE BUILDING SITES IN VICTORIA.

For Sale on EASY TERMS.

ROUTLEDGE, SWINERTON & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE BROKERS,

Next Bank of B. C. sep22 52 Government street.

WANTS.

WANTED—Druggist assistant or manager, honor graduate O. C. P. Eight years experience, best references as to business abilities and character. Address: Box 159, Cobourg, Ont. nov9-2t

WANTED—A good general servant. Small family. Washing out. Apply at 153 Fort street. nov9

WANTED—Young man, well educated, good penman, wishes a situation. Would work hard for moderate salary. "G. H. G." this office. nov9-3t

WANTED—A servant girl. Apply 91 Herald street. nov5-3t

WANTED—One hundred split Cedar Fencing Posts, eight feet in length, to square 6 in. at small end. Apply to H. J. Hartnell, 264 Yates street, not later than November 30th, 1889. nov5-6t

WANTED—A nurse girl with some experience to take charge of a baby. Another woman servant is kept, and good wages will be given. Apply 42 Fort street. nov2-6t

WANTED—A nurse girl. Apply at 49 Birdcage Walk. oc26

WANTED.

A TEACHER FOR THE PORTESSINGton public schools. Salary, $60 per month. Applications to be delivered to the undersigned not later than 20th November.

R. G. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

nov7-6t

VICTORIA -:- THEATRE.

The Event of the Season!

Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 12 & 13.

Engagement of the popular Artist,

JOSEPH GRISMER, PHŒBE DAVIES, AND THEIR OWN COMPANY.

TUESDAY NIGHT, the great London and New York success,

"THE TIGRESS,"

A dramatization by Ramsey Morris from his novel, "Crucify Her."

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, the great New York and San Francisco success,

"THE BURGLAR."

Regular prices, 50c. and $1. Reserved seats on sale at Waitt's book store. n7

REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

CONVERSAZIONE.

The ladies of the R. E. Church will hold a Conversazione on

Tuesday Evening, the 12th inst.,

At the Sunday School Room, next the Church. Refreshments.

ADMISSION, 25 CTS.

nov9

C. E. T. S.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

Cathedral School,

MONDAY NOV. 11TH.

Address by Rev. Marwood. Proceeds for Y. M. C. A. nov9-2t

B. C. PIONEER SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THIS society will be held on Saturday evening, December 7, 1889.

Tickets, $2.50 each, may be obtained from the undersigned or any of the members.

JNO. J. AUSTIN, Secretary,

nov9 57 Government St., Victoria.

FOR SALE.

TWO 6-ROOMED HOUSES on Fort street, 5 minutes walk from Post Office, in first-class order. A bargain.

Price $2,250 each.

BOURCHIER & HIGGINS,

Real Estate Brokers.

nov5-1w



Will open out in a few days with a splendid line of Jewelry, now busy unpacking.

DAVIDSON BROS.

sept19

173 Government Street, 173

SUGAR

STILL ANOTHER TUMBLE, AND NO WHINING.

Sugar	13 lbs. for	$1 00
Oat Meal, Rolled	20 " "	1 00
Oat Meal, Saanich	10 " "	45
Corn Meal	10 " "	40
Flour, Choice, per bbl		5 50
Sago and Tapioca	10 lbs. for	1 00
Rice	20 " "	1 00
Beans	20 " "	1 00
Currants	10 " "	1 00
Peel, Citron, Lemon & Orange, per lb	30 to	40
Hams, Fidelity, per lb		18
Bacon	per lb	15
Coffee, Choice Mocha and Java,	"	40
" My Own Blend	"	30
Tea, M. M., per 5 lbs		1 50
" My Own Blend, per 5 lbs		2 00
" Y. S., per lb		40
T. & B. Tobacco, 5 plugs		1 00
Peas, Beans, Corn and Tomatoes, 7 tins		1 00
Oysters, Salmon, Lobsters, Milk, 5 tins		1 00
Soap, by the arm full		1 00

These are all First Class Goods, And Don't You Forget It.

Before buying elsewhere call and get price list at 173 Government Street.

oct27-dw WM. ECKHART.

DELMONICO

Restaurant-:-and-:-Oyster-:-Parlor,

109 Government Street, Victoria.

Mr. H. B. Rendal has just completed the frescoing and decorating, and the seating capacity has been enlarged so as to accommodate 250 people, making it the largest and handsomest on the Pacific Coast. Inspection invited. Also private entrance and

DINING-ROOM--FOR--LADIES.

Eastern Oysters a Specialty, arriving by every Steamer. Private Dinners and Parties Furnished on Short Notice, all over the City.

E. ESCALET, - Proprietor.

oct8-1m

JOHN BOYD

---Wholesale and Retail---

WINE AND TEA MERCHANT

Yates street, Victoria, B. C. my4

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—A girl to do house work and help with children. Apply to Mrs. C. E. Mallette, 14 Young street, James Bay. nov10tf

LOST—A Bull Terrier bitch, with black spot over right eye, and name "Bessie" on collar. Reward will be paid for recovery. nov10-tf

THE RESIDENTS

—OF—

METCHOSIN -:- DISTRICT

Have arranged to give

A SOCIAL EVENING

At the new hall, (recently completed) Metchosin,

ON TUESDAY, NOV. 12TH.

Supper will be provided at 7 p. m. and entertainment will follow.

Dancing will commence at 9 p. m.

For those desirous of attending from Victoria an omnibus will start at 5 p. m. from the Postoffice, providing a sufficient number are forthcoming. nov10

B. C. PIONEER SOCIETY.

AN ADJOURNED SPECIAL MEETING of the members will be held at the office of the undersigned to-morrow (Monday) evening at 8 o'clock.

JNO. J. AUSTIN, Secretary,

nov10-1t 57 Government St., Victoria.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

Prescription of a physican who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases. Is used monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers and take no substitute, or inclose postage for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists, $1 per box. Addr ss: THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH. nov9

SPQR

Small profits Quick returns

—OUR—

STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE

—FOR—

THIS SEASON!

Splendid value in

Dress Goods,

Trimmings,

Cloakings,

Sealette,

Plushes,

Etc., Etc.

CALL AND INSPECT

HAMPSON & TERRY,

Cash Dry Goods,

COR. YATES AND BROAD STS.

sep14-1yr-dw

TO LET—Handsomely furnished rooms to let at 16 Young street, (end of Birdcage Walk) James Bay, nov9

AUCTION SALE.

W. R. CLARKE, Auctioneer.

I am instructed by Mr. Arthur Smith to sell by public auction at the

British Columbia Novelty Works

15 Broad street,

On Tuesday next, the 12th inst.,

AT ELEVEN A. M.,

His entire stock of Bric Brac and other articles, consisting of Indian Relics, Pictures, Small Lathe and Jig Saw, Vases, Lamps, Blankets, Sheets, Mattresses, Lace Curtains, Easy Chairs, Tables, Large Show Case, Assay and other Scales, Bird Cages and a quantity of other goods, which must be removed to make room for machinery which will arrive shortly from the east.

W. R. CLARKE, Auctioneer.

nov9

HOMŒOPATHY.

DR. J. HALL, LATE OF TORONTO, where he practised 30 years, has opened an office at 82 Pandora street, 3 doors above the Presbyterian Church, where he can be consulted daily—excepting Sundays and holidays—from 1 to 4 p. m. Visits to patients will be from 10 a. m. till 12½ p. m. Chronic and Children's diseases a specialty. my17-tf

COAL! COAL!

BEST DOUBLE SCREENED

WELLINGTON COAL

By the ton or in Carload Lots, delivered from the E. & N. Railway shutes.

HALL, GOEPEL & CO.,

100 GOVERNMENT STREET, AND 28 STORE STREET.

Telephone Calls, Nos. 83 and 46. nov6-2m

If the Sufferers from Consumption, Scrofula and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable." Sold by Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.

Carpenter and Gardening Tools at CHEAPSIDE.

OUR CABLE LETTER.

Financial Difficulties of the Sultan of Turkey.

A Leakage in the Revenue of the Ottoman Empire.

The Political Situation in England—Preparing for the Approaching Session of Parliament—Parnell's Health.

(Copyrighted by the U. P. A.)

LONDON, Nov. 9.—Correspondents at Constantinople are all agreed that one of the results of the Emperor William's visit to the Sultan was to considerably increase the financial difficulties of the Ottoman ruler. It was remarked by everyone who noticed the Sultan's appearance as he passed to and from Selamlike last Friday, how anxious and careworn he looked, and no wonder, for he is rapidly getting to the end of his resources. He has given notes of hand without number, payable at sight or date, and not a few are overdue. He has bills of sale out on his property in every direction, and a heavy mortgage on his Asiatic estates is held by Russia, which may be foreclosed at any moment. Before the Emperor's visit the outlook was sufficiently unpromising for the Sultan's further pecuniary accommodation from any quarter, yet he was compelled to spend the enormous sum of £20,000 in entertaining his imperial guest. For a good many reasons a supreme effort was made to produce a favorable impression on the visitors. The entertainments were on a magnificent scale. Diamond snuff boxes and other tokens of esteem, which were given to the members of the Emperor's suite, were costly in proportion to the importance of the occasion and the recipients. Where the £20,000 came from it is hard to say, as the Sultan had very few things left which he could give as security for such sums. Yet it is not because the revenue is deficient nor the expenses of government excessive that the Sultan is in pecuniary difficulties at this moment. Large sums of money come in, but the troops are unpaid, their pay being over

TWO YEARS IN ARREARS,

and in Constantinople there are government officials with nearly twenty months' salary overdue. Yet with plenty of money coming in no salaries are being paid, and no one seems to know where the funds go to. The palace absorbs, no doubt, a large share of the money, and the Sultan's spy system is particularly expensive. Everyone is spied upon. Spies are set to watch spies, and this is going on all over the empire and creating danger from which the Sultan himself is likely to be the greatest sufferer. The disorder and discontent which such a system of rule must eventually cause may be readily imagined. As to government, as that word is generally understood, there is absolutely none in Turkey. This is the deliberately expressed opinion of men holding high positions in Constantinople. Of the political results of the German Emperor's visit this much can be said, that the Sultan is no more willing than before the visit to enter into a league of peace against Russia. The fear of Russia is stronger than the love of anything else except money, and a good round sum of the latter will have to be forthcoming before Turkey joins the league. English influence at Constantinople continues at zero. Lord Salisbury was right for once when he said that the situation in Armenia was a measure of the influence of his government at Constantinople. As to Armenian affairs, there is no amelioration of the situation. So far there seems little prospect of a speedy improvement. In the meantime, according to trustworthy information,

THE FEELING OF SYMPATHY

among the Russian Armenians with their suffering brothers is developing into activity, and something like the movement in Roumania that preceded the last war for liberation for Bulgaria, has been genuine. This constitutes the real danger for Turkey, and if the Sultan and his advisers were wise, which they are not, they would make large concessions to the just demands of the Armenians. In Constantinople every Armenian is suspected, and the houses of Armenians at Scutari are being continually searched for compromising documents. These searches are made by order of Bacri Pasha, governor of Scutari, brother-in-law of Moussi Bey. The history of Bacri Pasha is an excellent illustration of how things are done in Turkey. This man, some years ago was prefect of Pera. During his term of office burglaries that took place became so frequent that at last suspicion arose that there must be some collusion between the authorities and the housebreakers. Detectives were set to work and it was soon discovered that Bacri Pasha, the prefect, was a partner with the burglars and shared their plunder. The man was arrested and tried, and so convincing and so overwhelming was the evidence that he was convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment with hard labor; but to the astonishment of everybody he was reprieved, and shortly after was nominated governor of Scutari, a post he now holds. This story is a fac simile of what happens every day in Turkey and carries a lesson with it which any intelligent person may read for himself. The censorship of the press has now been carried to such a point that the local newspapers at Constantinople are worthless for any purpose of any information whatever.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

Nearly all the members of the government attended the Lord Mayor's banquet to-day. A number of other tory members are in the city, and those are clearly of the opinion that the reverses which the government has suffered in the recent elections will involve the party in power to hold on firmly to the end. "Two more sessions and perhaps three," is the reply in the mouths of the ministers to the question whether the Government will remain in power. But when the question is put to them, "what will you propose or do in order to justify such retention of power?" there is no response, except that something will be proposed about the Irish land question next session. There is a general belief that Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington are both opposed to any relaxation of the policy of coercion, and to any large scheme of local government. The heavy weights of the Government are certainly disposed to go with Lord Selborn in objecting to the very heavy programme for next session. There are minor members of the government who think that there will be no difficulty whatever in resisting such invitations as those of Chamberlain and Courtenay to a voluminous programme. The Tories do not think any of the dissentient Liberals will really try to bolt just yet. Such an attempt may happen, they say, later in the life of this parliament, when the critical time of the general election is close at hand, but for the moment the sentiment of common danger is upon all the ministerialist party, and their first impulse is to hold together and go on time. That the government will fall to pieces whenever it enters upon a new Irish policy, is an opinion in which the leading Tories and leaders of the Liberals and Parnell himself are all agreed.

The reports as to Parnell's ill health are happily unfounded. He is in much better health than at this time last year, and regards the coming session with more interest than any preceding one of the parliament. It is his opinion that the government will fall, not perhaps in the next session, but in that which follows. Parnell seems to have a very clear opinion as to the present duty of the opposition, that the government should now be resisted and opposed on the ground that it has no valid claim to represent the country. It has never represented Ireland, Scotland or Wales, and now that England, too, has turned against it, the time has arrived when, quite at the beginning of the session, its claim to legislate for the people, who have intimated a want of confidence in it, should be stoutly denied. There is good reason to believe that these opinions are not held alone by the Irish leader, but also by the Liberal leaders generally, and that in February they will be acted upon with a view to forcing the government to make an appeal to the country. It is already practically agreed that at the opening of the session the whole weight of the opposition will be given to the amendment to the address, directly challenging the position of the government.

THE CRONIN TRIAL.

Significant Testimony Regarding a Lock of Hair.

One of the Witnesses Sandbagged and Nearly Killed by a Man Disguised as a Woman.

CHICAGO, Ills., Nov. 9.—When the Cronin case was called this morning, Judge McConnell's courtroom resembled the dress circle of a theatre. More than half the audience were women, and the closest attention was paid to the proceedings. Gerhart Warden, a gardener at 192 North Ashley avenue, was the first witness called. In reply to questions Warden testified that on Saturday, May 4th, he left his home about 7 in the evening and went to Matt Jung's place on Lincoln avenue. He started for home about 10 o'clock and walked on the east side of Ashland avenue. About 10:30 o'clock he reached the corner of Otto and Ashland avenues and noticed two men who were walking about 200 feet ahead of him. They seemed to have come out of a saloon at the corner of School street and Ashland avenue. They walked on up Ashland avenue and entered the Carlson cottage by the front door. Witness described the men. One was a large man about 5 feet 11 inches, the other was about five feet seven inches in height. He saw them plainly when they entered the cottage, and saw a light inside through one of the shutters. Next day witness and wife passed the cottage on their way to mass, and witness saw blood on the step and on the plank walk over the ditch in front of the house. Cross-examination by the defence was brief, and nothing was brought out.

Michael G. Cameron, saloonkeeper at 739 Lincoln avenue, was then called. Cameron testified that in April last he had seen Kunze and Coughlan together in his saloon on Lincoln avenue. They talked quietly some time, but he could not hear what was said. A man named Dunne, a plumber, came in and Coughlan introduced Kunze to him with the remark, "this is a friend of mine." Witness being cross-examined, said this was about a week before the murder.

Dr. Egbert was recalled at this point. He said he had cut a lock of hair from Dr. Cronin's dead body at the time he made the autopsy. Part of this he placed in a glass jar, which he sealed, and part he gave to Capt. Schuttler. This was the beginning of the expert testimony.

Prof. Haynes, an expert in chemistry, of the Rush Medical College, which position he had held for fourteen years, went on the stand. He said he had examined a small chip of wood with red dish stains on it, some cotton bluish paper with red stains, and part of a lock of hair. By a chemical test he found the stains were those of blood. He described at length the manner in which he made the tests, but said that such tests could not determine whether the blood was that of a human being or animal. Witness went to say he took three hairs from the bunch given him and let them remain on a piece of soap. He left them there for two weeks, which bleached them somewhat. He placed the three hairs in a strong solution of alkali, which took out the color more rapidly.

Judge Wing objected to the introduction of his testimony as improper and illegal, as being of the nature of an experiment.

The court took the objection under consideration and the artists were withdrawn for the time being.

The significance of the testimony regarding the bleaching of the hairs by the soap will be made apparent, when Dr. Befield will testify regarding the color of the hair found sticking to a piece of soap in the Carlson cottage. This hair was discovered in a manner identical with that caused by the soap on the hair taken fron the trunk.

Judge Wing cross-examined witnesses and tried to have some fun on the question of chemistry as applied to blood. Witness was too technical for him, however, and counsel floundered. The cross-examination was still in progress when a recess was taken.

A WITNESS SANDBAGGED.

Mrs. Mandit Morgan, an important witness for the prosecution in the Cronin case, while passing through an alley in the rear of her house about 9:30 o'clock last night, was dealt a severe blow with a sandbag on the head by a person closely wrapped in a heavy shawl. She was unconscious for an hour. Had it not been for her roll of hair the blow would probably have been fatal. She described her assailant as a man disguised as a woman.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Doctor W. L. Bellfield, practicing physician for 12 years, and professor of pathology in Chicago college of dental surgery, was examined at the afternoon session. His testimony strongly corroborated that given by Prof. Haines. He said the stained cottonwood and hair were given him by the police authorities. He made personal microscopic examinations of them, and was convinced the stains were blood from a human being, and that the hair adhering to the soap found in the cottage was human hair. He also gave parts of the same specimens to Prof. Haines with instructions to chemically analyze them. In cross-examination by Attorney Forrest, witness said that only when in a liquid form could science distinguish between human and brute blood. It was a half teaspoonful of liquid blood found inside a specimen of cotton batting on which witness made his examination. The court then adjourned.

The States attorney, after adjournment, said he expected to occupy three days of next week introducing the rest of his evidence. So it is probable that the line of defence will be known by Thursday.

CANADIAN NEWS.

The Mail Clerks Sentenced to Five Years Each.

Three Others Implicated in Stealing Registered Letters.

The Newfoundland Elections — Probable Defeat of the Government—A Methodist Clergyman Causes a Sensation.

More Mail Clerks Implicated.

OTTAWA, Nov. 9. — The two mail clerks, Catellier and Hayes, who pleaded guilty to taking money from registered letters, got five years each in the penitentiary this morning. Sam Hollingworth of Prescot, another mail clerk, was arrested to-day charged with taking money from registered letters. He is at present being examined by the post office inspector, and it is expected, if he is apt to squeal, his evidence will be of a startling character against some others. Catellier said to-day: "There are two others, making five in all, that have to come, for they are equally as guilty as we are.

Newfoundland Elections.

HALIFAX, Nov. 9.—A dispatch from St. John's, Newfoundland, says: It looks as if the Government was defeated. Only four districts have yet declared full returns. These give unexpected gains for Whiteway. Premier Thorburn is probably defeated.

Mangled by a Train.

BROCKVILLE, Nov. 8.—Conductor Andrew McAdoo, one of the oldest conductors on the G. T. R., was struck by a train and had both legs cut off and his head badly bruised.

Accepted a Call.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 9.—Rev. J. A. S. Allen, of Cobourg, Ont., has accepted a call to the pastorate of Grace Methodist Church, in this city.

The Vacant Senatorship.

OTTAWA, Nov. 9.—It is reported that Mr. Leggatt, of the firm of Wood & Leggatt, Hamilton, will be appointed to the senatorship made vacant by the death of the late Senator Turner.

A Methodist Clergyman's Remarks.

OTTAWA, Nov. 9.—The remarks of Rev. W. W. Carson, formerly of the Dominion Methodist church here, at Kingston, in endorsing the Roman Catholic faith, have caused a sensation here.

Railway Applications.

OTTAWA, Nov. 9.—Railway applications for the next session are beginning to roll in. The Northwestern Coal and Navigation company will apply for an act to authorize the extension of its line from Lethbridge in a westerly direction through Crow's Nest Pass, thence to the main line of the Canadian Pacific company, on the international boundary line; also for power to own and operate steam and other vessels on the waters contiguous, to be touched by the proposed extension.

A Pigeon's Long Flight.

TORONTO, Nov. 9.—A Homing pigeon, only nine months old, lately sold to New York parties, has returned to this city from Bridgeport, Conn. This is one of the longest flights on record for so young a bird.

AMERICAN NEWS.

Blown to Fragments.

BUFFALO, N.Y., Nov. 9.—The boiler of the tug Comet, of the White Star Line of tugs, exploded at 7:30 this morning, badly wrecking the boat and injuring two of the crew. The boiler was thrown forward, smashing the boat into fragments. Engineer Daniel Lagrew was blown fifty feet into the air and fell into the canal, where he was picked up. One arm was broken and badly scalded. Carl Oder was also blown into the water, but his injuries are not serious. Over-pressure was the cause of the explosion.

Geo. Francis Train's Sanity.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 9.—The examination into the sanity of George Francis Train, who since Sept. 24th has been in jail here on a judgment for debt secured against him by Dr. Spiller of New York, was held in the probate court this morning. Lawyer Ed. Snow appeared on behalf of Train, and H. J. Edwards for Dr. Speller. Elisha Boland, M.D., who was chosen by the court to examine Train in jail, testified that he believed him to be insane, the symptoms being primary monomania and an overweening sense of his own importance. Train believed he stood upon an intellectual eminence far above other people, and that they looked upon him with awe as he walked the streets. He might be able to attend to ordinary business but would not be able to cope with a shrewd business man who desired to overreach him. After arguments of counsel, Judge McKim said he did not deem Train sufficiently insane to be ordered to the asylum, nor sufficiently sane to be held for debt, and he should therefore order his dismissal.

The New Mexico Storm.

CLAYTON, N.M., Nov. 9.—The storm has abated, and for the first time in nine days, the sun is shining. While no authentic reports are received concerning the loss of life, reports come that several Mexican herders have been frozen on the Leon, a small creek 20 miles south of this town. No communications have been had directly, and the mails to seven different points have not arrived. There is some apprehension concerning the mail drivers, who ought to have reached Clayton Thursday evening, but have not appeared. Telegrams from Grande last night give another case of freezing, that of Joe Martin, a cowboy employed with others in herding cattle near that point. His horse gave out, leaving him on the prairie eight miles from a house, which he endeavored to reach; but was overpowered and frozen, after walking a short distance. Trainmen report much difficulty in different cuts, which in some places are completely filled with dead cattle and sheep. The loss of both is tremendous. Old cowmen say with the present depth of snow, stock will be unable to live for any length of time, and, unless the cold weather moderates and the crust which has formed on the snow loosens, the mortality among the cattle will be tremendous. Several cowboys who drifted off with their herds have not been heard of, and rescuing parties who are looking for them will return to-day.

Snow Storm in Kansas.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 9.—Despatches from Southern and Western Kansas give details of a fierce snow storm which raged there yesterday. Snow, hail and sleet fell so thick that in many places the people did not even dare to venture out of doors. Trains are somewhat delayed, though none are abandoned.

Shot the Porter.

SAN ANTONE, Tex., Nov. 9.—News has reached here of the shooting and instant killing of a negro porter named Chas. Anderson, by a passenger named A. Allec, on the International Great Northern train near Cotulla, yesterday afternoon. Allec attempted to board the train and the porter pushed him off the platform, whereupon Allec drew a revolver and put a bullet through the negro's heart. Allec was arrested, but released on bonds.

Mill and Elevator Burned.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 9.—Last night a fire in the flour mill of the St. Paul roller mill on 3rd street, near St. Peter's, spread rapidly. Close by is a big elevator of the same company, which also caught fire. Loss, $15,000; insured for $10,000. The building was closed at 5 o'clock, and the fire is thought to have been caused by the explosion of a lamp in the shipping room.

Double Murder.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 9.—Last night unknown assassins went to the house of Mrs. Cenia Burns, in Johnston county, and murdered her and her grandson, aged 8. Both victims were shot and their bodies were found to-day lying on the floor. The house had been robbed. Mrs. Burns was over 60 years of age.

Yale-Cornell Football.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 9.—The Yale-Cornell football game resulted in a score of 7 to 0 in favor of Yale. Harris, of the Cornell team, was badly injured, and one of the Yale men was carried off the field seriously hurt.

An Embezzler Arrested.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 9.—August Luesman, absconding clerk in the comptroller's office at Cincinnati, who embezzled over $40,000, was arrested in this city this morning. He offers to go back without requisition papers.

Another Flood at Johnstown.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 9.—The rain during the last thirty-six hours raised the rivers to danger point, overflowing the banks in many places. At the stone bridge, where the railroad company is repairing the damage done by the great flood, the cofferdams was flooded over and damaged. The great piles of logs and trees left lying along the banks of the streams after the great flood are being carried down the stream as the water rises. The temporary bridge across the Conemaugh at Cambria City has been carried away and travel cut off between these points and Johnstown, except by way of the stone bridge. Men are stationed at the other bridges to keep them clear of floating logs.

Tragedy in a Court Room.

FRANKLIN, Mass., Nov. 6.—Elmer Labadie, a Frenchman, 45 years of age, while on trial for an assault upon his daughter, before Justice Wiggins today, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a pocket-knife. The testimony had been concluded and the justice said: "This is a matter beyond my jurisdiction." "Mine too," exclaimed Labadie, as he drew a knife from his pocket and slashed his throat before the officers could interfere, severing his jugular vein and dying before assistance could be rendered. Labadie was a wood chopper. His three daughters witnessed the tragedy and one fainted.

JOE HOLLADAY ARRESTED.

Lured to Portland by False Pretenses—Out on Bail.

PORTLAND, Nov. 8.—Joseph Holliday, who fled to British Columbia some weeks since to escape punishment for contempt of court, returned secretly a day or two since, and was arrested by the sheriff to-day. His counsel asked for five days' time to file an answer in the contempt matter, and this was granted, on Holladay depositing $1,000 cash bail.

He says he was told that if he signed a certain paper he would not be molested if he returned. He signed the paper and is disgusted at being arrested.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Chinese Returning Home.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 9.—The steamer Arabic, for Hong Kong, this afternoon carried over 700 Chinese, the largest number since the exclusion act took effect, going back for the holidays.

Found Drowned.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 9.—The body of Otto Monebin, a Finnish seaman, 33 years of age, was found floating in the bay to-day. He is supposed to have been drunk, and while attempting to board his vessel, fell overboard.

Shipping.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 9.—Arrived—Ship Cyrus Wakefield, Seattle; Dashing Wave, Tacoma. Cleared—Steamer Columbia, Portland. Sailed—Bark C. D. Peters, Nanaimo; Gen. Butler, Port Townsend; barkentine Catherine Sugden, Port Madison.

A Fatal Fall.

LOS ANGLES, Cal., Nov. 9.—The scaffolding at the viaduct gave way this morning, Matt Kerral, a cable car employee, was killed. He fell on a laborer, who was badly injured.

Crushed to Death.

VALLEJO, Cal., Nov. 9. — Patrick Shent, an old railroad switchman, who is a little deaf, was sitting on a switch engine this morning, and was jostled off. His foot caught under the wheel, and he was crushed to death.

An Election Riot.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Nov. 5.—At Globe precinct, in Norfolk county, about three-quarters of a mile outside of the corporate limits of Portsmouth, a difficulty occurred this afternoon between one of the Democratic judges of the election and a white Republican, in which pistols were drawn. The judge of the election fired at his opponent, but his bullet missed its mark and struck a negro in the eye, inflicting a fatal wound. At that precinct the negroes outnumbered the whites about four to one, and they became very riotous, threatening to kill the judge of the election as soon as he should come outside his polling booth. The mayor of Portsmouth sent six policemen there to preserve peace, and about dusk the old Dominion Guards, of this city, were ordered under arms and sent there for the same purpose.

Cannot Fail.

MRS. John E. Thompson, of Shelburne, P. O., writes: My two children received great benefit from Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhœa and summer complaint. I gave it according to direction and they soon recovered. Be sure and get the genuine. ewf

THE VICE-REGAL VISIT.

Lord and Lady Stanley Spend a Day at Westminster.

They Receive an Enthusiastic Welcome from the Citizens.

And After Inspecting the Hatchery, Mills, Canneries, Penitentiary, Etc., Leave for the East.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

NEW WESTMINSTER, Nov. 9.—The vice-regal party arrived at 10 o'clock sharp this morning, and were received by Mayor Townsend, the city council, John Hendry, president of the board of trade; Mr. Justice McCreight, Judge Bole, Bishop Sillitoe, and many other prominent citizens. The moment the party landed they were greeted with enthusiastic cheers from the crowd.

The wet weather had the effect of spoiling the reception so far as numbers were concerned; but in point of enthusiasm, the welcome could not be surpassed. Addresses were presented by the city council, board of trade, and the municipalities of Surrey, Maple Ridge and Delta. His Excellency replied to the whole at once, making a very handsome speech, complimentary of the city and district.

The steamer Samson was in waiting, and after the official reception was over, the Vice-Regal party embarked and visited the Fraser River hatchery, the Ross McLaren mill, the Bon Accorde cannery, the Royal City mills and other points of interest. After lunch, the penitentiary and Queen's park were inspected, and the ceremony of planting the first tree in the park was performed by Lord Stanley for Lady Stanley, who was slightly indisposed. After the ceremony was over, the silver spade, with which the ground was turned, was presented to Lady Stanley as a memento of the occasion. The spade was suitably inscribed.

At 6 o'clock a reception was held in the opera house, at which a large number of people were present.

The city was gaily illuminated this evening, and when the train bearing the Vice-Regal party left for the east at 8 o'clock their Excellencies were accorded a right hearty send off by the people of the Royal City.

CAPITAL NOTES.

Regulating the Distribution of Fry in the Hatcheries.

The Railway Committee will Give Their Decision Re. the Mission Bridge Draw on Monday.

(From Our Own Correspondent).

OTTAWA, Nov. 9.—The department of fisheries has issued a regulation regarding the distribution of fry from the government hatcheries.

The railway committee of the privy council meets on the 11th, when the official decision re. the draw of the Mission bridge over the Fraser will be announced.

Stavely Hill's company is going to purchase from the government several thousand acres of ranching land.

CABLE NEWS.

Boulangism Not Dead.

PARIS, Nov. 9.—The fact that Boulangism is not dead is evidenced by an announcement to-day in the organs of the faction. The notice states that there will be a mass meeting of the General's adherents next Tuesday, and that the participants will march to the Chamber of Deputies and make a protest against the seating of M. Jouffrin as the representative of Montmastre district. Jouffrin, who was Boulanger's opponent in the late election, received only 5,500 votes out of a total of 14,200, yet he was declared elected. The notice goes on to state that after bringing this unpleasant fact to the memory of the Deputies, the Boulangists will march to the residence of President Carnot and repeat their protest to him. It is considered probable that the Government will take steps to prevent the proposed demonstration.

A Threatened Strike Averted.

LONDON, Nov. 9. — The threatened strike of miners in Fife has been averted, the mine owners conceding 12½ per cent advance in wages.

Lord Mayor's Day.

LONDON, Nov. 9. — The new Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, was installed in office to-day. The customary procession and Lord Mayor's show embraced the usual features. The weather was fine.

Salisbury's Speech at Guildhall.

LONDON, Nov. 9.—Lord Salisbury, speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet in Guildhall to-night, congratulated the country on the expansion of its trade, warned labor agitators that in pursuing their course they undertook a great responsibility, and advised employers to be cautious, as any imprudence on their part would jeopardise their interests. The prosperity of Ireland, he asserted, was increasing, and disorder was consequently disappearing. The government had not indulged in any wild theories of home rule, but was ready to further any practical and satisfactory policy for Ireland's good. The government's Egyptian policy remained unchanged, Egypt at present being unable to protect herself without British assistance. The tendency of Europe is peaceful, and the great powers were of one accord in wishing to avoid conflict.

The Lightermen Win.

LONDON, Nov. 9.—The master lightermen had a meeting this afternoon and agreed to concede the demands of their employes.

RICH ROCKS OF RUBY.

The Idaho Mine Sold for a Quarter of a Million.

ELLENSBURG, Nov. 8. — A report reaches here to-day from Ruby City that the Idaho mine, in the Conconully district, was sold to Eastern capitalists for $250,000 last week. This is the mine that was bonded a short time ago by Portland parties for $100,000, and from which they shipped ten tons of ore taken from the 100-foot level to Helena for a mill test, which went $602 to the ton in silver, making it an immensely rich mine. They now have the ledge, over 20 feet wide, and increasing as they go down.

"Sweet Caporals" are now finer than ever.

The Colonist.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1889.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY BY

W. H. ELLIS, A. G. SANGSTER, } ELLIS & CO.

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Liberal allowance on yearly and half-yearly contracts.

☞ Where Cuts are inserted they must be ALL METAL—not mounted on Wood.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

We are glad to see that those who on this Island are interested in the advancement of agriculture in British Columbia have determined to take independent action. The citizens of Victoria and of the Island generally are justly and naturally indignant at the manner in which the Vancouver Island members of the Association were treated at Westminster a short time ago. The great majority of those who attended the meeting in that town to decide where the next exhibition is to be held treated the Islanders in a way which showed only too plainly that as far as exhibitions are concerned they did not want to have anything more to do with Vancouver Island or its inhabitants. As they evinced a spirit so violently intolerant and so bitterly sectional it would, we think, be better for the Island to have its own Association and its own exhibitions than remain nominally united with such unneighborly neighbors.

As far as exhibitions are concerned, there is nothing to hinder Victoria exhibitions being to the full as representative of the agricultural as well as the other industries of the Province as any than can be held in Westminster or anywhere else. All that is needed is for the right men to take hold of the business of holding exhibitions to make the annual shows brilliantly successful in every respect. The success of the Toronto exhibitions shows what a few energetic and enterprising men can do without the slightest help and in the face of many and great discouragements. It will, we think, be found possible to have finer exhibitions in this city and have them better attended than any that can be got up in any other part of the Province. To do this will require energy and exertion intelligently applied. But there are the men and the money and the brains in Victoria to do all that is required and to do it well.

When the association is incorporated we expect that it will lose no time in making preparations for a first class exhibition of the industry of the province to be held in Victoria next year. We trust that the new Association will be neither sectional nor exclusive. It should be open to men engaged in all the industries of the province no matter where their business is carried on. It should be British Columbian in its scope. All should be welcome as members and as competitors. A good Exposition of the Industries of the province, one in which they would all be adequately represented, is much required and is calculated to do much good. It could be made so attractive and so easily accessible that those in any part of the province who wished to enjoy a summer holiday would, as a matter of course, time it so as to be able to take in the Victoria Industrial Exhibition.

THE USE OF ALCOHOL.

The old saying "doctors differ and the patient dies" is as true now as ever it was. We saw the other day that a doctor who had made food his special study recommended wine or beer as part of the by no means luxurious diet of persons employed in sedentary occupations. We have since seen what another eminent doctor says about the habitual use of fermented drinks. He is a titled man and he has had the honor of attending upon a king. His name is Sir Henry Thompson, and he is Surgeon Extraordinary to the King of the Belgians. In a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, which is designated, as "famous" Sir Henry says:

"I have long had the conviction that there is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, in this country than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence which produces drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquors to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition, and such as is quite common in all ranks of society, injures the body and diminishes the mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the result of observation during more than twenty years of professional life devoted to hospital practice, and to private practice in every rank above it. Thus, I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most dangerous and painful maladies which come under my notice, as well as those which every medical man has to treat, to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate. Whatever may be said in regard to its evil influence on the mental and moral faculties, as to the fact above stated, I feel that I have a right to speak with authority; and I do so solely because it appears to me a duty, especially at this moment, not to be silent on a matter of such extreme importance. I know full well how unpalatable is such truth, and how such a declaration brings me into painful conflict—I had almost said with the national sentiment, and the time-honored and prescriptive usages of our race.

* * * * * *

"My main object is to express my opinion as a professional man in relation to the habitual employment of fermented liquors as a beverage. But if I venture one step further it would be to express a belief that there is no single habit in this country which so much tends to deteriorate the qualities of the race, and so much disqualifies for endurance in that competition which in the nature of things exists, and in which struggle the prize of superiority must fall to the best and to the strongest."

This is strong testimony, and few will venture to question the competency of the witness. Yet, as we see, there are physicians who recommend the moderate use of fermented drinks to their patients. That they do what they believe to be right no one doubts for a single moment. The contradictory testimony as to the virtue of strong drink shows that even the medical profession have not arrived at anything like certitude on the subject. One physician prescribes what another denounces. If such a difference of opinion exists among professional men what are laymen to think and how are they to act?

IS CANADA PROGRESSING?

There are people in all parts of the Dominion who are continually croaking. They declare that the particular province in which they reside is going to the dogs, that trade is dull, that manufactures are sickly, and that agriculture is declining. They can see nothing good in the present, and the look-out for the future is to them gloomy and discouraging. These doleful prophets have kept up their wailing for the last twenty years at least, and when they look back they must wonder that they and their neighbors have not starved to death long ago. If one-half the predictions which they have been making had turned out to be true there is not a province of Canada that would not have been depopulated long ere this. But the vision of these unfortunates is sadly defective. They can only see the evil that exists around them, and they see it greatly magnified. They are blind to the advantages of the country and to the signs of prosperity and advancement that are everywhere visible by those whose eyesight is in a normal condition. Our Canadian Jeremiahs attribute most of the evil which they lament to the Government of the country. It is the cause of everything that has gone wrong, and, according to them, nothing has gone right.

But happily the majority of Canadians are not possessed by the doleful demon. Most of them are in their right mind and can see that their country in spite of every discouragement is advancing. They are, therefore, cheerful and hopeful. They know that it depends upon the people themselves, under Providence, whether they are prosperous or the reverse. They see that the people as a whole are industrious, energetic, intelligent and virtuous, and they are, no matter what the Government may do or leave undone, not afraid to face the future.

One of these clear-sighted and hopeful people has been making observations in one of the Provinces of the Dominion not generally considered by any means the most prosperous. He is the editor of the Summerside Journal. Summerside is a smart little town in Prince Edward Island, situated in a fine agricultural district. This newspaper man has gone among the people. He has seen that the farms are well cultivated, that the houses are well furnished, containing not only what is necessary for comfort, but also much to gratify educated and refined tastes, and that extensive improvements have been made on the great majority of homesteads. Of course, some of the owners of these fine farms and comfortable homesteads told the visitor that the country is going to wreck and ruin, but with such evidences of improvement as he saw in every settlement, he properly concluded that this grumbling and complaining was nothing but a bad habit that some of the farmers had got into and that they really were never so well off in their lives as they are at present. The savings banks of the province, too, show that its inhabitants have not only enough for their present needs, but are laying by something for the future. The observant editor came to the conclusion that, notwithstanding the croakings of the croakers, the Island Province is prosperous and progressing. And so it is. The advance has been gradual and does not appear to be worth noticing by those who have been making it. But when they come to compare the condition of the province ten or even five years ago with its present state they realize how far and how fast they have gone ahead.

The man who knows how to use his eyes will see that the progress which the editor of the Eastern Journal noticed it Prince Edward Island which is in truth just a little slow, is even more visible in every other part of the Dominion except perhaps some localities in the Province of Quebec. The French-Canadians in the villages and settlements in the valley of the St. Lawrence do appear stationary. But in every other province large improvements are being continually made. This is apparent where any particular province is viewed generally, but it is much more conspicuous when the examination is closer. The standard of comfort and respectability is much higher in every part of the Dominion now than it was a few years ago. The people live in better houses that are more comfortably and elegantly furnished, the equipages are more handsome and more costly. This is perhaps not an unmixed good—what good is?—for it stimulates emulation in expense, and tempts people to live beyond their means, but it is on the whole an indication of advancement in more ways than one. If this advancement is visible in the older provinces it must be very conspicuous in the younger ones. The Northwest, as the seat of civilized communities, is the growth of a very few years. Its progress has not been so rapid as some sanguine people hoped and expected, but its development, all things considered, has been surprising and it will no doubt continue to grow.

The old-timer, when he looks back a few years, must admit that British Columbia has made great and substantial improvement in every direction and that the prospect is that in the next few years it will go ahead at a greatly accelerated pace. The croaker has been here as well as in the other provinces, and the progress of the country has shown him to be the falsest of false prophets. Those who in the days of reaction and gloom maintained their faith in the country, find that events are proving every day that their belief in the variety and extent of its resources was well grounded. He sees that British Columbia has progressed, that it is progressing, and he has the very strongest reasons for believing that it will continue to progress. The more the intelligent British Columbian enquires into the condition of his Province the greater reason will he have to thank God and take courage. And what is true of British Columbia is true of the whole of the Dominion of Canada. Canadians are only beginning to find that theirs is a noble country, and that they have but little reason to complain of the progress it is making.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

VICTORIA has had at least one appreciative visitor lately. This is what Mr. Nursey, who came to this city as correspondent of the Toronto Empire when the Governor-General honored it with a visit, telegraphed to the Winnipeg Sun:

"This day has been a day of days. A warm sun, cool but clear. From Beacon Hill, three hundred feet above the Straits of Fuca, where we stood this afternoon surrounded by laurels, Douglass firs, moss and velvety lawn, Mount Baker shone in glistening colors, fifteen thousand feet in distinctness above the beaches of Washington Territory. To the west the Olympian mountains rose in purple comb, tipped by the setting sun shafts, while in the east a crescent moon, a maze of silver glorified with its virgin glitter, appeared the coast range peaks. For relative wealth, for scenic wonderland, for wide-open Sunday saloons, for an absence of business rush, for a plentitude of womanly beauty, and a pervading civic charm that finds no expressive equivalent in Webster, give me Victoria."

This is fine. The "wide-open Sunday saloons" are a little out of place in this poetic bit of descriptive writing, but not more so than they are in our lovely city. If Mr. Nursey saw Beacon Hill Park at its best, say in the leafy month of June, he would be still more enthusiastic and, if possible, more poetic.

WHAT ought to be the speed of a steamship in a fog, is a question which is now warmly discussed among navigators of learning and experience. The practice has hitherto been to go slow when the weather was thick. But in spite of slowness and whistles and signals collisions occur during fogs, some of them very disastrous. There are navigators who now contend that slackening the ship's speed during a fog is quite an unnecessary precaution. They maintain that it increases rather than decreases the danger of collision, and a slow rate of speed does not make collisions less disastrous when they do occur. The German delegates at the Marine Conference that is now being held in Washington have surprised the more conservative of its members by advocating a high rate of speed instead of a slow rate during a fog. Whether the arguments they use are considered conclusive by the majority of the conference we have not heard, but it is certain that there are others besides Gemans who entertain the theory.

When Baby was sick,
We gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child,
She cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss,
She clung to Castoria.
When she had Children,
She gave them Castoria.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Awful Sore Limb

Skin entirely gone. Flesh a mass of disease. Leg diminished one third in size. Condition hopeless. Cured by the Cuticura remedies in two months.

Cured by Cuticura

For three years I was almost crippled with an awful sore leg from my knee down to my ankle; the skin was entirely gone, and the flesh was one mass of disease. Some physicians pronounced it incurable. It had diminished about one-third the size of the other, and I was in a hopeless condition. After trying all kinds of remedies and spending hundreds of dollars, from which I got no relief whatever, I was persuaded to try your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and the result was as follows: After three days I noticed a decided change for the better, and at the end of two months I was completely cured. My flesh was purified, and the bone (which had been exposed for over a year) got sound. The flesh began to grow, and to-day, and for nearly two years past, my leg is as well as ever it was, sound in every respect, and not a sign of the disease to be seen.

S. G. AHERN, Dubois, Dodge Co., Ga.

Skin Disease 17 Years

I have been troubled with a skin and scalp disease for seventeen years. My head at times was one running sore, and my body was covered with them as large as a half dollar. I tried a great many remedies without effect until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and am thankful to state that after two months of their use I am entirely cured. I feel it my duty to you and the public to state the above case.

L. R. MCDOWELL, Jamesburg, N. J.

Another Marvellous Cure

The CUTICURA, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and CUTICURA SOAP have brought about a marvellous cure in the case of a skin disease on my little son eight years old. I have tried almost all remedies and also the most eminent doctors, all alike failing,, except the wonderful CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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The new Blood Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, are a positive cure for every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pp., 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HOW MY BACK ACHES.

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pain relieved in one minute by the *Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster*. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing plaster.

FOR MEN ONLY!

A POSITIVE CURE FOR GENERAL AND NERVOUS DEBILITY; WEAKNESS of BODY and MIND; and ALL TROUBLES Arising from Early Indiscretions. Robust HEALTH fully Restored. Absolutely Unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 47 States, Territories, and Foreign Countries. You can write them. Book, full explanation, and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N Y.

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OR SMOKEY CHIMNEYS, —USE THE— "COLUMBIA" COWL, or VENTILATOR.

It is always sure in effect, requires no attention after once fixed.

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No. 23—TIM KEE—Store St.

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Labor guaranteed. Telephone No. 580 No charges made against Employers of labor. ap26-12mo

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No house is complete without the Electric Calls. If you are building bear this in mind. We are placing them in many of the fine residences now in course of erection, and for service and cheapness they are beyond comparison.

Any information required will be cheerfully given at our office, Trounce street, or by our Agent, MR. PHIL. R. SMITH.

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WANTED TO EXCHANGE

Choice California Real Estate, for a good business, or Real Estate in British Columbia.

Apply T. G. RAYNER, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE BROKER 59 Wharf Street, Or P. O. Box 56. mar10-6mo

China and Japan Fancy Goods.

We have just received a large consignment of all kinds of CELEBRATED TEA, Embroidered Silk Goods, Shawls, Screens, Etc. —ALSO— PORCELAIN, SATSUMA, CLOISANNE, BRONZE, IVORY, SANDALWOOD, And Curios of every description, imported by every Steamer direct from China and Japan.

Hoping that you will honor us with your visit, we remain very respectfully yours, HANG WO HING KEE, Victoria, B. C. Cormorant street. nov23-1yr

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES WOODARD, CLARKE & CO PORTLAND, OREGON.

my14-6m

S. HYAMS, OPTICIAN, 27 FORT ST., near Government street. Received, a consignment of Spectacles and Eye Glasses to sell at 25c. and 50c. pair. Every Glass guaranteed to suit the sight. ☞ Beware of Pedlers and irresponsible persons representing themselves as my Agents, they will impose on you and ruin your sight. sep27-1yr

SPENCER'S ARCADE.

New Umbrellas.

A Case of the Celebrated "TOWER TWILL" Umbrellas, for which we have control in B. C., just to hand.

Gents' and Ladies, with Newest Mounts and Finishes.

ALSO---A splendid line of Alpacca Umbrellas, all prices.

D. SPENCER, Government Street.

THE WESTSIDE

DRESS-MAKING DEPARTMENT.

From this date MRS. V. A LE PRINCE, so well and favorably known to the ladies of Victoria, will have charge of this department.

MANTLE AND CLOAK MAKING.

MRS. CAMPBELL continues to have full charge of this branch of the business, which is a guarantee of artistic work and assures perfect satisfaction.

In stock, a full line of Sealettes, Plushes, Plain and Fancy Mantle Cloths, Trimmings, etc.

WANTED---DRESS AND MANTLE MAKERS,

Only first-class workers need apply.

THE WESTSIDE.

J. HUTCHESON & Co.

19th October, 1889.

F. G. RICHARDS, JR.

Real Estate and Financial Agent,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Agent for Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Companies. Maps and Plans Prepared. Money to Loan. Mining and Timber Lands for Sale. Surveys Taken. Farming Lands, Residence and Business Properties for Sale.

P. O. Box 147. 51 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C. TELEPHONE No. 176.

mar16

VICTORIA'S EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA, PROF. GRANAT, Musical Director.

Music furnished for Balls, Parties, Weddings, Entertainments, etc.

Apply to the Headquarters, at the London Harmony, W. J. PHILLIPS, Cor. Johnson and Broad sts.

oc29-6m

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of errors, early decay, wasting weakness, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn. nov9-d&w

Now is the time to fix your DOORS and WINDOWS, Keep out the Cold and Rain,

—BY USING—

RUBBER CUSHION STRIPS,

—FOR SALE BY—

McKillican & Anderson

WHO ARE ALSO AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

RICHMOND WEATHER-:-STRIP

For Bottoms of Outside Doors.

oc25-3mo

JAMES & FURNESS, Produce-:-and-:-Commission MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

Mess Pork, Bacon, Hams, Lard, Butter, Dried Fruits, Cheese, Eggs, Potatoes, Hops, Grain, Baled Hay, and All kinds of Produce,

72 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

Fish, Game and Poultry handled in Season. Advances made on Consignments. Consignments of all kinds of Produce Solicited. sep4-3mo

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray street, N. Y.

E. G. PRIOR & CO.

Gilpin and Buford Sulky Plows, Prairie Queen Breaking Plows, Essex Centre No. 30 Jointer Plows, WHIPPLE WHEEL, ACME, AND DISC HARROWS, Hoosier Seed Drills, Pacific Seeders, Chatham Fanning Mills, MINNEAPOLIS GRAIN CLEANERS.

The Largest Assortment of Plows and Harrows in the Province.

Cor. Government and Johnson Sts, Victoria, B. C.

feb1-dwly

DESIRABLE PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

8 acres of thoroughly cleared land on the Cadboro Bay Road, with a comfortable house and a good garden. The soil is rich, and land has all been under cultivation. Terms easy.

—ALSO,—

Nearly 450 acres of rich Delta lands, near Mud Bay. A considerable portion is under crop and grass. There is a good dwelling-house and extensive farm buildings. This property can be visited by stage three times a week from New Westminster.

For further particulars apply to H. E. CROASDAILE, Land and Financial Agent, 42 Fort street. je2

TENDERS.

TENDERS WANTED,

Not later than the 5th November, for clearing 80 ACRES, more or less, of land at BOUNDARY BAY.

Specifications to be seen on application to Wm McDowell, Ladner's Landing, or to the undersigned.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

E. M. JOHNSON, 81 Government st., Victoria, B. C. Oct. 1889. oc16

"C" BATTERY, Royal School of Artillery, Victoria.

TO CONTRACTORS.

SEPARATE TENDERS (in duplicate) for supplies and services for the above corps, during the calendar year 1890, will be received by the Minister of Militia and Defence, at Ottawa, until Monday, 25th November.

Tenders to be addressed to the Minister of Militia and Defence, at Ottawa, and marked "TENDERS."

For particulars and forms of Tenders, apply to Lieut.-Col. Holmes, Victoria.

Each Tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque, for an amount equal to five per cent. of the total value of the contract. This cheque will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to sign a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the services contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

C. EUG. PANET, Colonel, Dep. Min. of Militia and Defence. Ottawa, 10th October 1889. nov1-1w

MUNICIPAL.

MUNICIPAL.

TENDERS ARE INVITED UP TO the 20th inst., at 1 p. m., for the construction and laying of a

STEEL MAIN

Of 24 inches Diameter, about 6,000 feet in Length,

from the dam of the Victoria Water Works in the direction of the city, said tenders to be delivered at the office of the undersigned.

Specifications can be seen daily between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the City Hall.

Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque for 5 per cent. of the amount of tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By order WELLINGTON J. DOWLER, C. M. C.

City Clerk's Office, November 6, 1889. nov7-td

A BY-LAW To Amend "The Revenue By-Law, 1889."

WHEREAS it is expedient to amend "The Revenue By-Law, 1889,"

BE IT THEREFORE ENACTED by the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the Corporation of the City of Victoria, as follows:

1. That section 4 of schedule A of the said By-Law is hereby amended by striking out the words and figures "$50 for every six months," in the ninth line thereof, and inserting in lieu thereof the words and figures "$25 for every six months."

2. That section 11 of the said schedule is hereby amended by adding at the end of the said section the words and figures following, namely: "except every person (other than a farmer selling produce grown or raised by him in the Province of British Columbia,) engaged in peddling or hawking any fish, game, or farm produce, $10 for every six months."

3. This By-Law may be cited as "The Revenue By-Law Amendment By-Law, 1889."

Passed the Municipal Council the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1889.

Re-considered and finally passed the Council, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1889.

[L. S.] JOHN GRANT, Mayor.

WELLINGTON J. DOWLER, C. M. C. oc17

MUNICIPAL.

To Tradesmen and Others:

From and after this date I will not accept any orders from workmen or contractors employed by the Corporation.

CHARLES KENT, Treasurer.

Victoria, Oct. 8, 1889.

MUNICIPAL.

PARTIES having cellars along the line of the Johnson Street sewer, and desiring sewerage connection for the same, will kindly inform the city surveyor of their depths without delay.

By order, WELLINGTON J. DOWLER, C. M. C.

Victoria, Sept. 30, 1889. oc1

NOTICE.

Re Estate of GEORGE FRYE, Deceased.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the above Estate are requested to present the same to the undersigned within thirty days from date. No accounts will be entertained unless properly vouched.

A. R. MILNE, Executor. Victoria, B. C. Oct. 21st, 1889. oct22-1m

EMPTY BARRELS A number of empty Varnish barrels for sale. Apply at this office. au24-tf

TO THE TRADE ONLY.

BRANDY.

ROUYER, GUILLET & CIE., COGNAC, FRANCE.

For many years the Largest Holders of Brandy.

All Colonial Orders to be addressed to:— LONDON BRANCH, ROUYER, GUILLET & CO., 59, Mark Lane, London, E. C.

July9-26w-tw

REMOVAL!

The undersigned has removed his Drug business to the brick block adjoining the Poodle Dog Hotel, and almost opposite his old stand. J. TEAGUE, Jr.

oct9

INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL.

Imperial Fire Insurance Co. —LONDON— Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, - $1,200,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL, - - £300,000
Total Invested Funds, over $1,600,000

The undersigned grant Policies on buildings and their contents, at current rates.

WELCH, RITHET & CO., Agents.

my26

LOWENBERG, HARRIS & CO., REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

PURCHASE, SELL AND LEASE PROperty, collect Rents, make Loans on Mortgages, and transact all business relating to REAL ESTATE.

Maps, showing the various districts on the Island and Mainland, the situation of desirable City Lots Homesteads, Gardening and Farm Lands, can be consulted at their office. fe14

GARESHE, GREEN & CO. BANKERS,

Government Street, - Victoria, B. C.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN GOLD, silver and U. S. currency. Interest paid on the same on time deposits.

Gold Dust and U. S. Currency purchased at highest market rates.

Sight Drafts and Telegraph Transfers, San Francisco, New York and Canada.

Exchange on London, available in all parts of Europe, England, Ireland and Scotland.

Letters of credit issued on the principal cities of the United States, Canada and Europe.

AGENTS FOR WELLS, FARGO & CO. fy9-1y

HOTELS AND RESTAURANT.

Clarence Hotel

After the 1st of October, and during the Winter months, Boarders will be received at the Clarence Hotel on very reasonable terms. For rates either for Board, or Room and Board, please apply to

W. C. ANDERSON, Proprietor.

sep29-tf

THE -:- DELMONICO

(MONS. E. ESCALET, PROP.)

The only first-class Restaurant in Victoria.

Eastern Oysters received by every Steamer. Private rooms for ladies and family parties.

UNEQUALLED CUISINE.

Parties and Balls attended.

BOARD AT REASONABLE RATES.

Telephone No. 120. 109 Government st.

my7-1yr

QUAMICHAN HOTEL, DUNCAN'S STATION.

Within five minutes' walk of the Cowichan River and in the centre of one of the best Sporting districts on Vancouver Island.

The trains of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway stop at the Hotel.

To Sportsmen looking for good hunting and fishing grounds this Hotel offers unrivalled attractions.

Passengers going to Cowichan Lake take the Stage at this station.

PRICE & JAYNES, Proprietors.

je27-6mo

The Esmond Hotel

FRONT AND MORRISON, PORTLAND.

FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY APPOINTment. Centrally located; coaches to and from every steamer; the comfort of guests closely cared for; prices to suit; a fine restaurant in the building.

my13-tf THOS. GUINEAN, Prop.

VICTORIA NURSERY AND SEED ESTABLISHMENT.

P. T. JOHNSTON & CO., Successors to Mitchell & Johnston,

Will have for sale during the coming season a large and varied assortment of Fruit Trees, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Evergreens, Herbaceous Plants, Bulbs,

And other nursery stock of all descriptions, suitable to the climate, including many novelties from Japan, at prices far lower than they can be imported from Canada or the east.

☞ Clover and grass seeds and all other seeds at greatly reduced prices.

For further particulars see our price catalogues, which will be forwarded post free on application. oc5

SEED STORE, No. 28 Fort Street. NURSERY, Cadboro Bay Road.

CHAS. HAYWARD, Funeral Director and Embalmer, Langley Street, Victoria.

oct 1y

J. SEHL, Manufacturer of FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Also, Importer of Carpets, Oilcloths, Linoleum, Crockery, Lamps, GLASSWARE, CUTLERY, PLATEWARE,

The Trade Supplied on Liberal Terms.

Also just received a fine selection of Bisque and Parian Marble Statuary And an endless variety of Vases and House Decorations.

J. SEHL.

Perry Creek Gold Mining Company (LIMITED LIABILITY.)

There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment levied September 11th, 1889, and of previous assessments, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, viz.:

Certificate.	Name.	Shares.	Amt.
No. 90	H. W. Otton	50	$25.00
" 101	R. Barker	65	32.50
" 107	J. B. Ferguson	200	20.00

and in accordance with law so many shares of each parcel of said stock as may be necessary will be sold by public auction at the office of the Company, 41 Government street, on the 29th October, 1889, at the hour of 11 a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

HENRY JACOBY, Secretary.

oct19-10t

ELEGANT NEW DINING CARS will run daily, commencing Aug. 22, over the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co., Oregon Short Line and Union Pacific Ry., between Portland and Missouri River. The cuisine and service are unexcelled. a21-1m

GEO. A. SARGISON, NOTARY PUBLIC, Accountant & Agent, 48 LANGLEY ST.

ap27

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT.

The Daily Colonist.

VICTORIA DAILY COLONIST, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1889.

AN ADVENTURE IN CARIBOO.

The Following is one of the Prize Stories Written for.

The Montreal Witness by Miss Ella Ladner, Daughter of the Revd. Mr. Ladner, Kamloops, B. C.

It was the autumn of the year 186—. About one hundred men were mining on the Quesnelle Lakes in a corner of Cariboo, which, in 1854, turned out tons of gold worth about four million dollars. But this was the maximum, and year after year the quantity diminished, so the miners struck farther inland into more difficult places. They had seen the surface of the bed-rock strewn with gold mixed with dirt, like the grains of wheat mixed with chaff at the tail of a fanning-mill. Now they dreamed that, farther in the hills and nearer the sources of the rivers, they would discover the harvest fields of gold ripe for picking. But as the autumn of this year came on many of the miners got away from the camps at the head of these lakes, and it felt that if, when all hands met in winter quarters at Yale, the reports from Bone Lake, Bonaparte, Chiscoozle, or the north Thompson rivers, told of rich strikes that the workings on the Horsefly would never have the water baled out of them ; and with this prospect in view the shopkeepers let their stocks run down. Mat Simons held an auction, and sold watches as low as seventy dollars, and oil-cloth suits for three ounces of gold-dust. Then he packed his needles and thread over to Skookumchunk Creek where he explained to Black Bear, the chief that the man who made needles was dead and sold the balance of his stock, twenty-seven needles for a dollar a piece, and thread for a dollar and a half a spool, after which he parted with his pipe, a red sash and four buttons from his vest for three strips of dried venison, and then struck the main trail for home. Mat had seen a good many camps, and the sacrifice of his stock and desertion of the Horsefly discouraged the boys. Beer and whiskey went down to a dollar a drink, or twenty drinks for an ounce of gold-dust, and Johnson, who dealt in heavy supplies, put out a shingle offering bacon, butter, tobacco, tea, and sugar at a dollar per pound, and flour, salt, beans and dried apples, for seventy five cents.

It was expected that Antoine Mileto, the Italian freighter, would bring in another load of supplies, but the weather got very wet and he turned out his six mules to grass, and lived mostly on fish which he caught in the lakes.

The men were loth to quit the mines, especially as they did not know whether they would be back to the same diggings next year, so they stayed on till the rains got colder and the snow crept down the mountain-side. They all said "the fall was early, but there would be fine weather yet and any time before Christmas was all right to get home." The 28th, of November was a cold, rainy day, and trees on the mountains were covered with snow. During the night the wind blew in gusts, and the miners in their cabins had to bury their heads under the blankets for shelter from the snow, which drifted in through the roofs, and in the morning many a man went kicking around to find a shovel with which to shovel the snow from the fireplace so as to build a fire. It was bitterly cold—twenty below zero—and every man knew it was time to start. Abour thirty five, under the leadership of Donald McArthur, started that day. The rest waited till the day after. Some made huge packs of clothing and food ; others took but little.

McArthur was from one of the eastern provinces. He had come to California in 1850, and was at one time worth a great deal of money. He now led the procession, broke the track, and built the fires. In two and a half days he was at the Forks, where an old man named Hatch lived, with every one of the thirty-five men that had started with him. Hatch was gone, his cabin left empty and desolate. Hauled up in an obscure place was a large scow, with a mast in it like a sloop, a craft which McArthur had used while freighting on the river. It was seventy miles to Quesnelle Mouth, where there was a town. But no shelter was nearer. There were rapids, dangerous for a deeply laden boat, wide places where the scow must be rowed, and shoals where she would go aground; but, thankful that they would not have to tramp through the snow, they crowded on board.

The weather was very cold and the scow leaked, but hour after hour McArthur kept his place at the steering oar. He was first to take an oar when more headway was needed, and first to jump overboard and lift, when the scow ran hopelessly aground. At four o'clock the third day the scow ran into the landing at Quesnelle Mouth. Here they were told that all the miners were in except those at the Horsefly dirgings. McArthur knew that there was no food at any place on the road, and no boat but the one he had come in. "Those men will never get in," "we must send them food."

The food was freely given, but who was to take it? Six Siwashes were willing to go for large pay, but no white-man volunteered to accompany them.

"I am as old a man as there is among you, said McArthur, "but a blue-nose never turned his back on a blizzard."

So next morning he with his Siwashes started off. At noon next day they found seventy men camped by the road, tired and famishing. These were given provisions enough to last them until they got home, and McArthur and his men pushed on again. In some places the road was full of water and they got soaking wet, but went on till dark. When they stopped for the night McArthur made a fire, and on taking off his shoes and stockings, found that his feet were badly frozen. But he drew the frost out with snow, got bandages and salve from his pack, and dressing them, again prepared for the night's campaign.

The temperature had fallen, it seemed to him one hundred and sixty degrees below degrees below zero. The Indians, overcome with weariness, squatted around the fire and would not lift a hand to get a stick of wood for the fire. McArthur worked all night chopping wood, only sitting down a few minutes to rest.

Next day they met Antoine Mileto the Italian. He was almost dead from starvation, so they gave him hot tea and biscuit, which soon brought him round, He said that he had endured it as long as he could, and was looking for a place to lie down and die when they found him. From Antoine's report they knew that the men behind were in a perilous condition, but hoped they had reached Woodchunk creek before this, and McArthur resolved to reach that point before night. They found no one there, and had been camped but two hours when they heard the report of a rifle, and on going to the spot found a camp of thirty-five men. The shot had been fired at what they thought was a lynx, the track of one having been found that morning. When the news came that food was near, the camp broke up in disorder. Four or five of the men were badly frozen but they declined to wait till food was brought them, and ran with the rest to McArthur's camp.

By this time this large gang was fed and supplied with rations, there was very little left, but McArthur would not turn back as there were five more men to send relief to yet. He went on another day, then leaving a pole across the road with a bag of half the provisions he had left hung on it, and a note requesting "those who found to leave half, unless they knew themselves to be the last on the road," he and his Siwashes started for home.

They divided their remaining stock of food between them, one biscuit and a slice of bacon to each man.

At dusk they arrived at the Big Coolie Bridge, twelve miles from the town. McArthur was suffering terribly with his feet, and Big Philip suggested that they should strike down the river to where his father was camping. Two miles around the bluff brought them to the place, but Philip's father had not a particle of food, as the storm had swept away his nets and the river was frozen over. The women and children hailed McArthur with demonstrations of joy, thinking he would be able to supply their wants, and accepted the biscuit he gave them as a gift from heaven. The old man held family worship, and prayed in Chinook for blessings on the person, family, and people of the King George man who had come to their relief, ending with the version of the Lord's Prayer taught them by the Episcopal Missionaries. Translated it read :

Our father who stayeth in the above.
Good in our hearts thy name,
Good than chief among all people,
Good thy will upon earth as in the above ;
Give every day our food,
If we do ill (be) thou not very angry,
And if any one do evil towards us
Not we angry towards them
Send far away from us all evil.

McArthur and his men had a good night's rest at least, and the next day at noon they were safe in the Can-Can saloon at Quesnelle Mouth. McArthur suffered a long time with his feet, which were all he had to show for his share in the adventure.

The five remaining men came in three days after, owning that they owed their lives to the bag of provisions left for them in the road.

Donald McArthur lives in a town on the C. P. R. line, and if anyone is willing to fit him out with pack horses, four men and five hundred dollars' worth of grub, he will hydraulic a bench which he knows of on the Horsefly. He thinks it carries fine gold.

HE BLUFFED ON A SURE THING.

There were two of the men in our gang of Pennsylvania oil well drillers and blasters who were constantly fooling with the nitro-glycerine. They would take chances to make your hair stand on end, and the trouble was they imperiled the safety of many others. One of their favorite pastimes was to go out after noonday lunch and toss a two-pound can of the stuff as far as they could heave it. I more than once saw them stand fifty feet apart, and on three or four occasions saw the can miss their clutch and fall to the earth. Our foreman and all the other men did a good deal of swearing over this foolishness, and once the men were discharged for it, but they were taken back after a time ; and as we grew more used to the stuff we took more chances.

One day the men got out with their can, and as the fun was about to begin our foreman said :

"Boys, that nonsense will be the death of you yet."

"Bet you ten to five it won't!" replied one of them.

"Yes, and I'll bet ten to one it won't," bluffed the other as he shook his wallet at the foreman.

The latter failed to cover, and as he sauntered down the hill I followed him. We had walked about 200 feet when we were suddenly lifted up and thrown flat to the earth, and then followed a crash which seemed to have rocked the continent. As soon as we could get up we ran back to the derrick, or where the derrick was. It had disappeared, as well as our shanty, and on the site was a hole into which you could have dumped a cottage. Not the slightest scrap of the two can-tossers could be found, and the foreman and I stood for several minutes staring into the cavity. Then he suddenly slapped his leg, waved his hand in disgust and growled :

"What a fool I was not to take those bets!"

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

IN WONDERFUL LUCK.

Valuables Found by their Owners.

Fortunes Lying Under Foot and Strangely Restorted—The Kohinoor Mislead and Picked Up by a Servant—How a Gold ring Turned Up.

The paymaster of a large railroad company, having its headquarters in Boston, went out on one occasion with $30,000 to pay off its employees. The money was carried under his arm, wrapped up in an old newspaper. He stopped at a little wayside eating house for dinner, and on going away, in a fit of absent-mindedness, left the money lying on a chair. He had not gone many miles from the place before he missed it, and his dismay on discovering its loss can well be imagined. Almost despairing of recovering the package left in so public a place, he hurried back, and, with trembling voice, asked the woman in charge if she had seen the parcel. "There's a bit of paper on the chair beyant," said she, "perhaps that's it," which it proved to be, and the gentleman returned a happier and wiser man.

Another man in the same city, lost a roll of bills amounting to $10,000, which also was wrapped in a newspaper. He told a friend of his loss, and the friend made him describe all the ground he had been over since he had the money. The last place mentioned was the postoffice. The night was wet overhead and slushly under foot. They visited the postoffice, and going to the spot where the man had been standing they found two or three bits of torn newspaper. It was the same. They looked further, and at last found the lost treasure. It had been kicked in turn by every one who came into the office, and when found was untied and completely soaked with water. It was all there, however, the friends returned to their hotel and spent several hours in cleaning and drying it. The gentleman was so grateful for the sensible advice which had saved him from serious loss, that he took out his friend and bought him the handsomest gold watch chain that he could find in the city.

A still more remarkable incident is related of the finding of $130,000, lost by M. Pages in the Northern railway station in Paris some ten years ago. As one Ezelot, a French soldier, was walking with two comrades through the station, they noticed on the floor a small package wrapped in a newspaper. They kicked it along before them for some distance, and when Ezelot was getting into the train, going home on short leave, one of his comrades, picking up the package, thrust it into the canvas forage bag slung at his side, Ezelot going his way without having noticed the little pleasantry. Arriving at Neuilly, where his parents lived Ezelot's mother, emptying the forage bag, discovered the bundle, but, thinking it a roll of old newspapers, put it on the table in the kitchen. There it remained for four or five days till a married sister, calling in and seeing the package, was moved to unwonted curiosity. Opening the package she discovered documents representing £26,000, the loss of which M. Pages had advertised throughout Europe. The soldier and his parents, however, had not seen the advertisement, and, not knowing what else to do, had recourse to the maire. That functionary, communicating to Paris, brought down M. Pages, who, gladly paying the promised reward of £1000 pounds, went off with his oddly recovered treasure. It would be an interesting supplement to the narrative if we could have a record of the feelings of the soldier who thrust this unexpected good fortune upon Ezelot when he heard the sequel of his little joke.

Among singular recoveries of lost valuables, one of the oddest occurred in Providence, R. I., some years ago. One day a gentleman in one of the largest stores of that city tried on a pair of fleece lined gloves which did not suit him, so he bought another pair. A few days after he missed a gold ring from the third finger of the left hand, but had no idea how long it had been gone. He searched the house, and went into the store where he had purchased the gloves and other places to see if anything was seen of it, but in vain. Months rolled on, until another winter came, and the gentleman once more visited the clothing store in search of fleece-lined gloves. The first pair he tried on he found too short at the wrists. In taking off the left hand glove he found a ring in one of the fingers. While distentangling it from the fleecy lining he said to the salesman : "Here is a ring ; whose shall it be—mine, as I have found it, or yours, because it was found in your establishment?" The weighty question was decided in the gentleman's favor, when suddenly his lost ring came into his mind, and he said : "Who knows but that is the very ring I lost a year ago?" The answer was : "That cannot be, as I do not think we have a pair of gloves on hand that we had last year this time." Slowly the ring was drawn out, and, indeed, it was the same, with the owner's initials engraved upon it. The wonder was that the gloves had not been sent to some smaller store in the country, as was a frequent practice, if not sold the previous season on the spot.

A still more wonderful ring story is told in an English periodical. A gentleman was walking along the shore of Hastings when he discovered that a valuable ring which he wore had slipped off. Although a diligent search was made no trace of it could be found. A year afterward—indeed, it is even said on the very anniversary—the gentleman again visited the spot, and while strolling along the shore a fisherman near him stooped down, picked up something and ran after him, saying : "Did you drop this?" at the same time holding up the identical ring lost twelve months before.

Some of the most curious losses and recoveries of which we have any record are related in regard to famous jewels. Among these the De Sancy diamond may be mentioned as possessing a particularly singular history. The first known owner of this gem was Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who is said to have worn it in his helmet. It was lost in the battle in which its owner was killed, but was picked up by a Swiss soldier, who sold it to a priest for a florin. The priest, as ignorant as the soldier of its real value, imagined that he had made a good bargain when he sold it to the king of Portugal for a florin and a half. The profit of the king, however, was somewhat larger than that of the unworldly priest, for he received not less than 100,000 crowns for it from the wealthy Harley de Sancy, in whose family it remained for several generations. Finally one of his descendants, wishing to pawn it in order to lend Henry III. some money, sent it to a Jew broker by the hand of a servant in whom he had the utmost confidence. The servant never returned and the broker declared that the man had never made his appearance with the diamond. In spite of this assertion the confidence of De Sancy in the honesty of his old servant was unshaken. This confidence, as it afterward appeared, was not misplaced, for after a time the body of a murdered man was discovered near the city walls in a deep ditch which was recognized as that of the missing servant. An attempt at robbery had evidently been made, and the faithful fellow had remained true to his master's interests to his last moments, for on the surgeon's examining the body the diamond ring was found in his stomach, he having swallowed it as the only means left to him of outwitting his assailants. The diamond remained in the possession of the family for several more generations, but was at last sold to James II. of England, who presented it to Louis XIV. It remained among the crown jewels of France for some time, but was finally purchased by the Russian banker Demisorff.

An interesting anecdote is related in the life of Lord John Lawrence in regard to that most famous diamond, the Kohinoor. When the precious gem was committed to the care of Lord Lawrence he stuffed it into his waistcoat pocket and went on with business. Dinner time arriving, he changed his clothes and threw his waistcoat aside. Six weeks later a message came that the queen desired the diamond to be sent home at once. The matter had entirely escaped the memory of absent minded lord, and he at first avowed that he had forwarded it long before. When the facts came back to him he was badly frightened, but allowed no misgivings to appear, and took the first opportunity to slip away to his private room. Once there, with his heart in his mouth, he sent for his native servant and said to him : "Have you got a small box which was in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?" "Yes, sahib," the man replied. "I found it and put it in one of your boxes." "Bring it here," said the sahib. Upon this the servant went to a broken-down tin box and produced the little one from it. "Open it," said Lord Lawrence, "and see what is inside." He watched the man anxiously as fold after fold of cloth was taken off, and great was his relief when the brilliant gem appeared. The servant seemed perfectly unconscious of the immense treasure he had had in his keeping. "There is nothing here, sahib," he said, "but a bit of glass." Thus, through the indifference of a native servant, what might have been a serious loss turned into a happy recovery.

SCRAPS.

"Well, I can't see any fun in attendin' court," said an observent old lady. "Every time a witness goes to tell anything that's got anything to do with the case all the lawyers jump up and holler and the jedge rules the testimony out." —*Puck.*

Police Court constable—"And the prisoner said, yer honor, as how somebody had blown the gaff." His Honor—"What does that mean?" Constable—"Why, given him away, yer honor." His Honor—"And what may that mean?" Constable—"Why, rounded on him, sir?" His Honor—"I am still ignorant of your meaning, my man." Constable—"Why, yer honor, he meant as how somebody had peached on him, squealed, yer honor."

A pressing invitation.—A couple of Irishmen were standing near a cotton press in a Texas town watching the huge bales of cotton being reduced to their lowest numerators and denominators, so to speak. Tim, I'd like to put ye under that and squaze the divil out of yez," said one of them. "Would ye, indade?" was the reply. "Squaze the divil out of yerself and there would be nothing left.", —*Texas Siftings.*

The following is an extract from a real composition written oy a small schoolboy in New Jersey. The subject given by the teacher was the extensive one of "man." Here's what the small boy wrote : "Man is a wonderful animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth. His ears are mostly for catching cold in and having the earache. The nose is to get sniffles with. A man's body is split half way up, and he walks on the split ends."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

As a Man Might Do.—Boston girl—"Did you say, Mr. Servenmalet, that you sometimes gibe the schooner?" "Aye, mum. We gibes her often." Boston girl (astonished)—"And is there any satisfaction in thus trying to irritate an inanimate conglomeration of wood and other fibrous material?" Jack (mystified)—"Sure enough, mum. True for it." "And what effect does your gibing have?" "Make her go off and get rap full, mum,"—*New York Sun.*

The dye is cast, said the society belle, as she washed herself after the ball.

PRECEDENCE IN ENGLAND.

Order of Forming Processions Within the Social Circle.

An Intimate Acquaintance with the Rules and Usages of Precedence Required of Everyone.

One of the subjects which, as the saying goes, is all Greek to average Americans, is the order of precedence in England. It is a matter of amusement to us that there is an absolute, established, unalterable rule and regulation about this, which not to have at one's finger ends is to acknowledge ignorance and lack of world-upbringing. The rules are as inviolable in the private life of society as in public ceremonials. It seems as though mistakes would be of everyday occurrence, but, instead, they are the rarest thing under the sun. The women in the social world and the officials who manage great affairs seem to imbibe this code with the air they breathe and rattle it off like the alphabet.

Yet how natural it would seem to us to send in an elder sister, Baroness Somebody, before a younger one, Lady this, wife of Mr. That. Age, riches, lands, scientific, professional, intellectual or official standing weigh not a feather weight. Dear old Mrs. Blank, with her white hair and tottering treads, ends the procession, while her grandchild, the Lady Arabella, aged 15 years, daughter of a peer, is the honored guest.

If a grand dinner is given for a celebrated authoress or the wife of a great man, the host may not lead her to a place of honor by his side at his right, but his arm must be given to the marchiones of C., and on his left must sit the Countess of W., because, perforce, they, of all guests present, take the highest rank. To make the slightest deviation would not only give offense but present a painful exhibition of bad breeding or unpardonable eccentricty.

Another amusing feature is that, while by marriage a woman partakes of the dignities of her husband, none of hers pass by marriage to him. Thus, when Mr. and Lady Louise Blank are announced, it is at once remembered that, while she must need be near the head of the procession, he may very well be left to fetch up the end. Undoubtedly there are so many cases where this high and mightiness holds a pretty high hand in his own domain that his chief vassal, the wife of his bosom, secretly rejoices to see him take a position below her in the world.

Money has nothing to do with the case of precedence ; the poorest noble of them ranks above the richest commoner. Not even will duoats entice a man to the lowest position of all on the scale ; no property is sufficiently large to entitle its owner per se to take the rank of esquire, while in this free country we bestow the word or title at random without rhyme or reason, and don't think much of it anyhow. In England, it is a royal accolade, signifying a gentleman by birth, one whose father was a gentleman.

Conduct has nothing to do with the case. Perhaps the most gentlemanly person I ever met was a London tailor ; yet he himself was the first to declare that he had no right—no legal right—to the good old name of gentleman, for his father and his grandfather before him were tailors. This was a veritable proof of the so-called English belief that it takes seven generations to make a gentleman ; yet the Queen, if she chooses, can make a peer to-morrow from the humblest laborer.

It is a favorite episode in romances for the raconteur of English society to ring his changes upon the dilemma it occasions when some hostess declares her ignorance of in what order she is expected to send in her guests. Yet, what ignorance of on the part of the writer himself this shows, for every Englishwoman of any breeding has got this social scale by heart long before she has learned the multiplication table. Their signification of well bred does not end with manners, conversation and conduct; an intimate acquaintance with the rules and usages, unalterable, of society is also necessary.

Etiquette is no small study over there, and no one ignorant of that part of the social code called "the order of precedence" is "good form." What a wholly English expression these two words form! Essentially and purely of English origin, even though its use has come to be divided with Americans, but its definition is only half as long as theirs.—*Chicago Herald.*

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

A pretty young damsel of Hawarden
Went out for a stroll in the gawarden.
She stopped on a flower,
And blushed for an hour,
Saying, "O, I am sure I beg pawarden."

ENDURE MUCH PAIN.

In man and animals the skin is certainly the most sensitive tissue of the body ; we can hardly imagine that the scales which cover the bodies of fishes are equally sensitive. When we pass to invertebrate, kingdom represented by shellfish, snails, worms, insects, etc., we find an entire absence of brain, the nervous system being represented by two nervous cords running the whole length of the external surface of the body, and having a pair of small masses of nervous tissue, known as ganglia, developed at intervals. The extraodinary multilations these creatures will successfully endure prove that their nervous system is but little influenced by shock, and renders it almost certain than it is equally insensitive to pain. When we remember that the worm when cut in half does not necessarily die, but has the power of reproducing the lower portion of its body, and that in some orders the lower half develops a new mouth, and becomes a new animal; again, when we remember that other members of the same sub-kingdom, such as lobsters and crabs, will frequently, when frightened throw off a limb, or two, we must conclude that their sense of pain is very small, and yet they are repeatedly spoken and written of as though they were as sensitive as man.

The nervous system of insects is very similar to that of worms and snails, being represented by a ventral chain of ganglia, and in their case the evidence of insensitiveness would appear to be overwhelming.

Wasps with their bodies crushed out of all shape will readily attack sugar and honey when supplied them as though nothing were the matter ; cockchafers, in a similar way, will go on feeding when their abdomens have been partially eviscerated by the peck of a bird, while a beetle with a pin through its body has been known to perambulate the collector's case in which it has been placed and devour all the other specimens in the neighborhood. Again, as we watch a moth hovering round an open light, and see its wings and body from time to time singed by the heat, it must strike us that were it more sensitive to pain its life would be preserved.

LORD DUFFERIN.

Lord Dufferin has been visiting his son-in-law, Mr. Munro Ferguson, M. P., at Raith, near Kirkcaldy. On the 12th October he was presented with the freedom of the burgh of Kirkcaldy, and in the course of his speech said :—"At all events, your Provost has treated me very much better than I was treated by a certain corporate body in the famous town of Chicago. He was good enough to warn me beforehand that I should be called upon to make what are called a few observations. But, having gone to Chicago, as Governor-General of Canada, on an official visit, and having been most hospitably and kindly entertained by the Mayor and Corporation of that city, I was invited one day to pay a visit to the Board of Trade. It happened that I was very unwell, and I consequently sent a message to say that I could not come, as it would be impossible for me to make a speech, in reply to which I received the assurance that no speech whatever would be required of me, and that I would only meet a few gentlemen in a friendly way over some sherry and biscuits in a private room, and that all they desired was to shake me by the hand. Accordingly I repaired to the place indicated, and there, as had been foretold me, I met some very friendly and amiable gentlemen, with whom I took a glass of sherry and asked a few questions about their trade and commerce. But when I rose to take my leave, and endeavoured to return by the way which I entered, I was shown out in another direction, through a small door into a narrow passage, which led through another door into the enormous Corn Exchange of Chicago. (Laughter.) Before me were 4,000 eager and expectant faces and a glass of water ; and behind me was a voice which cried, 'The Governor-General of Canada will now address the meeting.' (Laughter.) It would be impossible for me, so completely were my senses bewildered, to give any consecutive account of how I passed through that excruciating ordeal." (Loud laughter.)

AN EXTINCT RACE.

They are passing away—the old-fashioned negroes of the ante-bellum south—and the places which knew them once will soon know them no more forever. They will in a few years be entirely supplanted by a progeny little like their ancestors. The old plantation—'de white folks' house"—the happy negro quarters—the family ties which bound the two races together in bonds of affection and tender consideration which one must have experienced to appreciate—gone, all gone.

Old massa, old missus and the young massas and missus. What a happy family exclaims a writer in the Florida Times-Union. And who ever mourned with more unfeigned grief than the old family servants the breaking up of the family when the old massa died? Alas, it always fell upon the former with a bitterness born of the uncertain fate which awaited them afterward.

But they are fast dying out ; the old plantation songs have faded from lips on which alone they were once musical, which no other conditions may ever realize. Did you ever see the long procession of family servants—50 or 100 or more—follow the coffin which bore "ole massa" to his last resting place ?

Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound ;
All de darkies am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

Talk about the negro dialect! No writer has ever approximated it unless he was born and reared on the old southern plantation from childhood to old age.

And Christmas times "befo' de war.' The happy hearts in "the negro quarters" were up singing like the lark before the dawn of the day, for the "aunts" and "uncles," those monarchs of that realm which has no succession—had been awake half the night "waitin' for Christmas."

Were those the days of slavery and barbarism, when white and black alike were happy only because they were ignorant ?

But who would exchange these brand new days for the old ? These days when the "colored ladies and gentlemen" wear bangs, or carry a razor or a cigarette?

Still, it is sad to think of the complete dying out of a race, one of the most interesting in the annals of time one peculiar to itself, and which can never be reproduced. As the Indian passed beyond the Rocky Mountains to die away on the western plains, so this race, as it was known of yore, is passing over the dividing ridge of two generations to be known no more.

VICTORY.

He who, believing, strongly lays his hand
Unto the work that waits for him to do,
Though men should cavil, friends should prove untrue,
Love's promises be writ on shifting sand,
And "Failure" stamped upon him like a brand—
Still in the glorious end he doth pursue
Shall find a power and victory which few,
Or none with cause less righteous, may command.

For conquest ne'er was built on the defeat
Of any man whose aim is human good;
Who fights for justice hath already won.
Before no show of loss shall be retreat,
However crossed, defamed, misunderstood,
He knows but triumph in a work well done.
—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

A STRANGE COMPACT.

It was a dreary night in the winter of 17—. Outside a heavy fog filled the narrow unsavory streets of the metropolis, and the lungs and eyes of such unfortunates as chanced to be abroad. It even invaded the small wooden sanctums of the night watchman, interfering with slumbers to which the inmates were both by age and office entitled. Across the river, in the dingy, ill paved lanes of the borough, the fog seemed at its worst, a light warmish haze being the only indication of the presence of those shops which still remained open, and round which small ill clad urchins with the most unmistakable intentions persistently hovered.

"A sweet night for footpads," muttered young Dr. Mostyn, as he disengaged himself from a chance rencontre with a post, and felt his way along by tapping with his stout stick at the house-walls, a proceeding by which he had already severely damaged the legs of three of his suffering fellow creatures, and poked a large hole in the kitchen window of a fourth. "And now," he continued, talking to himself for the sake of company, "for home and supper and a fire. Ah, and a patient or two, perhaps. Who knows?"

At this cheering prospect his spirits rose, and he banged mightily at the wall with his stick in consequence, until at length, coming to a small street on his right, he turned smartly down, and having made sure of his own door knocked briskly at it.

"Who's there?" cried a shrill female voice in response.

"It's I, Bet," said her master. "Open the door, my good girl."

"Not if I knows it," was the cheering reply. "You take yourself off, young man, whoever you are. There's two bulldogs and three men with loaded guns standing by me,.to say nothing"——

"Open the door, Bet!" roared her master through the keyhole. "Don't you know me?"

"Is it nine o'clock or is it eleven?" propounded the damsel; "because if it's eleven o'clock my eyes deceive me, and if it's nine o'clock your voice deceives me; for the doctor said he'd be home at eleven and not before, and considering the fog I should say a good deal arter."

"Open the door!" said the surgeon, sharply. "I'm back already because my patient's dead. Come; open at once!"

There was a creaking and shooting of bolts as he finished speaking, and the door being cautiously opened discovered an angular woman of some five-and-thirty years, whose nervous face cleared directly she saw her master.

"I'm asking your pardon for keeping you long, sir," said she; "but one never knows who's who, and, judging by the noises and runnings, there's been rare doings round the corner to-night."

"Anybody been, Bet?" asked the surgeon, as ten minutes later he sat down to a carefully grilled chop.

"Not a soul," replied his handmaiden.

"And a nice person you would be to open the door if an accident had arrived."

"Oh, I should have opened it at once," said Bet, with decision. "Directly they used the word 'accident' I should have opened it and chanced it."

Her master, smiling at her devotion, drew his chair to the fire and, having carefully filled a long clay pipe, fell to smoking with an air of great enjoyment and content. Then, thinking it extremely unlikely that he would be disturbed at that late hour, he dismissed his retainer to her quarters in a neighboring house, and, being left to himself, lapsed into a brown study.

It might have been the fog, or it might have been the unexpected death of his patient; whatever the cause, his thoughts took a very gloomy direction indeed, and he shook his head despondingly as he thought of his future prospects. His mood was not made more cheerful by the room, which was large and dark, and paneled with oak, and ornamented with oil portraits of dead and gone worthies, with whom he claimed some kinship more or less remote, who seemed to stare at him to-night in a particularly ghostly, not to say wooden manner. Besides all this, he was in love; and he had no sooner built a magnificent castle—in the air—and placed her in it, than an anything but airy landlord called for the rent, and the dream was spoiled.

He had been sitting thus for some time, nursing his woes and sipping a glass of hot cognac which he had prepared, when he was disturbed by a loud, imperative knocking at the front door, whereat he snatched up one of the guttering candles and marched down the narrow stairs to open it. The feeble light of the candle, when he had done so, showed him a tall, strongly built man of middle age, whose naturally fine proportions were increased by the fog, which clung to them and exaggerated them. The surgeon noted that he was richly clad, and also that the embossed hilt of a sword protruded from the skirts of his coat, while his face, from some powerful emotion, was pale and drawn.

"Are you the surgeon?" asked the newcomer abruptly.

"At your service," was the reply. "Come in."

The stranger obeyed, and waiting until the surgeon had secured the door followed his up stairs.

"Examine me!" said he, taking off his laced coat and standing pale and erect before him.

"Unfasten your shirt," said the other, falling in with his strange humor and commencing a careful examination.

"Well?" inquired the stranger, when he had finished.

"Sound as a bell and as hard as oak."

"Not likely to die suddenly?" suggested his visitor.

"No. I should think that that would be the last thing to happen to you," replied the puzzled surgeon. "Why, what is the matter with you? Do you feel ill?"

"No; I feel hale and strong, capable of enjoying life with the best. I've never had an illness in my life. But for all that, I shall die at midnight."

"Of course," said the surgeon, somewhat provoked at all this mystery, "if you are going to kill yourself, you can speak with more authority as to the time than anybody else."

"I have no intention of committing suicide," was the stern rejoinder. "Nevertheless, at midnight my time expires. The manner of my death is unknown to me, but I shall never see the lifting of this dreadful blackness, which on my last night upon earth has fitly interposed itself between me and the heaven I have renounced."

The surgeon, listening to this strange outburst, turned to the table, and filling a glass with brandy handed it to his extraordinary patient. "It will put heart into you," said he.

"But not a soul" said the other; and, shuddering convulsively, drank it at a draught; then placing the glass upon the table, he drew a purse from his pocket and looked at the surgeon. "Your fee?"

"Nothing. I know not what your trouble is; but I wish much that I could help you."

"I'm past all help," said the other, sadly, moving toward the door; then pausing, as the surgeon took up one of the candles to light him down, he said, in irresolute tones: "As you shall judge, if you care to hear."

"By all means," said Mostyn, heartily, as, replacing the candle, he poked the fire and drew up a chair for his visitor.

"Twenty years ago," said the latter, accepting the proffered seat and leaning toward the surgeon, "my circumstances were very different from what they are now. Young and strong, I had at the death of my parents rejected the bread of dependence offered me by relatives, and, full of hope, had come to London to make my fortune. It proved to be harder work than I had anticipated; and in a very short while I was reduced to the verge of starvation. One dreadful night, of which this is the twentieth anniversary, I was half crazed with poverty and despair. For two days I had not tasted food, nor did I see the slightest prospect of obtaining any. Added to this I was deeply in love, though unhappily the interference of those who should have been our best friends kept us apart. As I crouched shivering in the garret, which served me for a lodging, I think I must have gone a little bit mad." He broke off suddenly, as though unwilling to continue, and stared gloomily at the fire.

"Well?" said the surgeon, who had been listening with much interest.

"Have you ever heard of compacts with the evil one?" demanded the stranger.

"I have heard of such things," replied the surgeon, on whose spirits the occasion and the visitor were beginning to tell.

"I made one," said the other, hoarsely. "Crouched by the empty grate, which mocked me with its cold bars and white ashes, my thoughts turned, as though directed by some unseen power, to all that I had heard and read of such compacts. As my mind dwelt upon it, the subject lost much of its horror, until a gentle rustling in the neighborhood of the fire drove me with quaking heart to my feet. My fears, however, were but momentary, and with fierce determination I called upon my unseen visitor to lend me his awful aid. As I spoke the sounds suddenly ceased, and a voice seemed to cry in my ear: 'Write, write!' I dragged a small table into the moonlight, which struggled through the begrimed panes of the window, and with my own blood and the miserable stump of a pen wrote out the terms of an agreement with the Prince of Darkness, possessed, as I did so, with the horrible consciousness of something in the room watching me. I vowed that if for twenty years he gave me wealth and the possession of her whom I loved better than my own life, my soul should be the forfeit. If the next morning brought change of fortune, I should take it for a sign that he had accepted my conditions. I signed it, and swooned. When I awoke from the sleep into which the stupor had merged the sun was shining brightly into my foul lodging, and below was a messenger who brought me news of a large fortune which had fallen to me through the death of an uncle. God forbid that my rash vow should have had aught to do with it! Since then, everything has prospered with me. I married the woman I loved. We have a large family. I have kept my secret to myself. To-night, at 12, my time expires."

"The change in your fortunes was a mere coincidence," said the surgeon uneasily.

"Another coincidence for you, then," said his visitor, whose face was now livid. "In the morning, when I awoke, the agreement which I had left on the table had disappeared."

Mostyn rose and, taking great care not to extinguish the flames, snuffed the candles.

"As I supposed my death would be a strictly natural one," continued the stranger, "I thought I would consult a surgeon, in order to see whether my heart was sound, or whether I was to die as I have said, in a perfectly natural manner owing to its disease. A watchman whom I met directed me to your door."

"Do you live in the neighborhood?"

"No, at Westminster," was the reply. "But having put all my affairs in order, and wishing my dear ones should be no witnesses of my death, I have been roaming about the streets to meet it there."

"Alone?" queried the wondering surgeon.

"I—hope so," said the other, shuddering.

"Be guided by me," said the surgeon earnestly. "Return to your home and forget all about this mysterious compact you fancy you have made."

His companion shook his head and turned to the door.

"Are you going to roam about in the fog again?" asked Mostyn.

"Unless you will let me stay here," said the other, glancing at him wistfully. "You are not nervous? you do not think I shall die?"

"You will die of fright if you die at all," said the surgeon sturdily. "But stay, and welcome, if you will." And to avoid the thanks of his guest he poked the fire until the resulting blaze almost caused the candles to snuff themselves out with envy.

For some time they sat silent. The streets were now entirely deserted, and no sound save the flickering of the fire disturbed the silence of the room. Then the surgeon arose and, upon hospitable thoughts intent, busied himself with the little spirit case which stood on the sideboard; and after sundry most musical gurglings from the bottle as it confided its contents to the glasses, appeared in his place again with two steaming potations and a sugar bowl. "Cognac," said he, "with all its fiery nature subdued, now in its tranquil old age."

"Thanks," said his visitor, taking the proffered glass. "The last toast I shall drink: Long life to you." He tossed off the contents, and again lapsed into silence, while the surgeon slowly smoked his long pipe, removing it at intervals in favor of the spirit he had so highly commended.

Half an hour passed, and a neighboring church clock slowly boomed the hour of 11. One hour more. The surgeon, glancing at his companion to see what effect the sound had upon him, saw that his eyes were closed and that he breathed heavily. Rising cautiously to his feet, he felt the pulse of the strong sinewy wrist which hung over the side of the chair, and, then, returning to his seat, sat closely regarding him, not without casting certain uneasy glances into the dark corners of the room. His pipe went out; the fire burnt low, and, seen through the haze of fog and smoke, the motionless figure in the chair seemed suddenly to loom large in front of him and then to be almost obscured by darkness.

For a few seconds it seemed his eyes closed. When he opened them the fire was out, and the figure in front of him still sat in the chair, though its head had now fallen on its breast. Full of a horrible fear, he glanced hurriedly at the clock and saw that it was just upon the stroke of 4, then he sprang to the side of his guest and seized the wrist nearest to him. As he did so, he started back with a wild cry of horror, for some slippery thing, darting swiftly between his feet, vanished in the gloom of a neighboring corner.

Ere he could recover himself, the man in front of him stirred uneasily, and rising unsteadily to his feet, gazed stupidly at him. "What's the matter?" he asked at length in dazed tones.

"Matter!" shouted the still trembling surgeon. "Why, it's four hours past midnight and you are alive and well."

With a violent start, as he remembered his position, the stranger glanced at the mantel shelf. "Four o'clock!" said he—"4 o'clock! Thank God, there was no compact! Then another fear possessed him: "Is it—is the clock right?"

"To the minute," said the surgeon, standing gravely by with averted head, as his visitor, heedless of his presence, fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands.

As he rose to his feet the old church clock slowly struck the hour of 4, appearing to both the listeners to do so with an emphasis as unusual as it was welcome. As the last stroke sounded the stranger, who could even now hardly realize his position, threw up the window and extended his head. The fog had disappeared, the air was crisp and clear and the distant rumbling of the early market carts betokened the beginning of another day.

"How came I to sleep?" he inquired, closing the window and turning to the surgeon.

"I drugged your drink. It was the only thing I could do. You were in such a strange state of alarm that you would either have died or gone mad if I had not done so."

The stranger extended his hand and caught the young surgeon's in a mighty grasp. You ran a fearful risk. Suppose that I had died. My death would have been attributed to the drug, and you would have been accused of murder."

"I chanced it," said Mostyn simply. "There was no time for consideration."

"It has been a strange business," said the other. "What could it have been that was in my garret that night, and what could have taken the agreement?"

"Rats," said Mostyn, smiling. "One of them frightened me terribly just now; but it would not have done so if I had not been in a very excited condition. The same state of mind perhaps, though in a milder form, that you were in on the night you wrote your agreement."

"There were rats in the room, I remember," said the stranger; "but I never once thought of them. You have saved my reason, if not my life," and he again grasped him by the hand. "You shall not find me ungrateful."

No did he; for, aided by his influence, the young surgeon rose rapidly to fame and fortune, which he shared in the most liberal manner with the girl for whom his poverty had long kept him waiting.—Chambers' Journal.

Strategic Movements.

First Boy—See here! Didn't I see you running down street yesterday with Bill Bounce after you, wantin' to lick you?

Second Boy—Y-e-s.

"What did you run for?"

"I—I was only running so as to get him away from home, so his mother couldn't see him fightin'; but by the time we was out of sight of his house we got in sight of our house; and then, as my mother would see me if I stopped to hit him, I went in, so as to be out o' temptation."—New York Weekly.

THE UNFINISHED STOCKING.

Lay it aside—her work—no more she sits
By open window in the western sun,
Thinking of this and that beloved one
In silence as she knits.

Lay it aside; the needles in their place;
No more she welcomes at the cottage door
The coming of her children home once more,
With sweet and tearful face.

Lay it aside, her work is done and well;
A generous, sympathetic, Christian life;
A faithful mother and a noble wife;
Her influence who can tell?

Lay it aside—say not her work is done;
No deed of love or goodness ever dies,
But in the lives of others multiplies;
Say it is just begun!

—Sarah K. Bolton.

BLACK HALL.

A great storm was abroad in the Blue Ridge mountains; angry flashes cleft the gloom; thunder crashed and was echoed from hill to hill, and the swollen streams dashed headlong, taking rocks and fallen branches in their course to the James.

Amid all this distracted nature an observer might have seen the two lamps of the Amherst stage coach gleaming like bleared eyes through the rain, as that lumbering vehicle, drawn by a powerful span of bays, dashed along the mountain road en route for Lexington.

Suddenly a bright, young face peeped out of the coach window, and a girlish voice cried:

"Driver, how near are we to Commodore Develin's?"

"Be thar in jus' tree minutes, Miss. It's dat are big house on the hill yonder all ablaze like."

A moment more and they were driving into the grounds. Again the impatient girl essayed to look forth, but receiving a cold dab on the cheek from the wet leaves, she fell back impatiently and listened to the heavy, wet boughs, as they brushed the top and sides of the coach.

Suddenly the stage stopped, old Nicodemus jumped down in the mud, with a lantern in one hand, and flinging open the door with a flourish, said loud enough to wake the seven sleepers,

"Comadore Divilins, Miss!"

There were only two sleepers within, however, but they opened their scared eyes wide enough for seven, half expecting to see a highwayman, but, being reassured by Nicodemus' bobbing wool head and smiling black face, they laid a contented hand on their pocketbooks and bade farewell to the young lady, who quickly leaped into the mud, and, picking up her dress, ran up the broad steps. Nicodemus followed with her trunk, and taking the quaint brass knocker, representing a coiled serpent, in his hand, gave a long, loud knock, which echoed far and near. There was a sound of feet running to the door—it opened—lights dazzled the young traveler, and, amid silvery laughter and exclamations of delight, she was clasped in the arms of her old schoolmate, Lena Develin.

"The north and south have met," said the commodore, and the little traveler turned to behold a superb looking old gentleman, with a long, silvery beard, white hair and fine, dark eyes, who held out a warm hand, saying:

"Welcome to Black Hall, Miss Grace."

"Bring Miss Howard in to the fire," said Mrs. Develin, appearing in the parlor door.

Although Grace had never before met her friend's family, their warm greeting made her feel very unceremonious; so she ran with a smiling face to meet Lena's sweet, dove faced, little mother, who advanced, radiant in welcoming smiles.

Just then Lena's brother Bob opened the front door. He was a quiet looking fellow, with mischievous brown eyes, who, when introduced, bowed shyly, blushed a trifle, and strode on to the dining room, shaking the rain from his slouch hat.

"Now come to my room and get on dry clothes," said Lena. "You look wet and cold," and she led Grace up the broad staircase.

"Jesse," addressing a colored man, "bring up Miss Howard's trunk."

Everything was new and strange to Grace; the dark, wide halls, the colored servants, who peeped at her curiously, and lastly, Lena's room, with its dark, paneled walls, heavily curtained windows and bed, and the great wood fire on the hearth.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed she, throwing herself into an easy chair, but on second thought springing up to caress her friend.

"You dear darling, I haven't seen you for six months."

"And I've been shut up here all that time," replied Lena, who was a tall, quiet blonde.

"Well, now, I should really have enjoyed that," Grace replied, tossing her damp wrappings over the back of a chair, "because I adore old houses, and trees, and romance, and ghosts. Oh! have you any ghosts here?"

"Well, yes, we have what they call a haunted room in the rear part of the house, but none of us ever slept there or saw the ghost."

"Oh, do tell me about it. Is there a story connected with it?"

"Yes, quite a little romance. Just drop into that chair close to the fire and I'll tell you the story."

Then, taking Grace's hand, she began:

"Years and years ago, Grace, my great-great-great-grandfather, who was an artist, came over from England and settled in this house with his bride, a very young and beautiful girl, who had been hastily married to him by her father to prevent a match between herself and a young Lord Somebody who was her father's enemy.

"This hard hearted relative of mine married her against her wishes, and then carried her away, almost broken hearted, to a strange country, and into this gloomy old house. He was double her age, and jealous as he could be of her former lover, whom he thought was separated from her forever. But it wasn't so, Grace. That young Lord Somebody swore that he would rescue her yet, if he had to murder her husband—so he started at once for America, where he spent a long time in vain search for his lost love."

"He must have been awful plucky," interrupted Grace, with dilated pupils.

"Oh, yes, he was—but listen. One day Camilla—that was my great-great-great-grandmother, you know—was weeping in the summer house, when she suddenly looked up and beheld her old lover standing in the doorway. She was overwhelmed with joy, and confessed that she was wretched with her husband; and I suppose there occurred quite a little love scene, for her husband, overhearing the affair, rushed in, plunged his dagger in the young lord's heart, and carried Camilla fainting to her room, where he flung her on the bed, and locking the door, departed. When he returned it was to find her dead. She had taken her life with her own little dagger."

"Oh!" gasped Grace; "and what then?"

"Then? Why, he went insane, of course, although people didn't suspect it for some time, and, being an artist, painted her picture, which now hangs on the wall of the haunted room."

"Oh, do show it to me!" exclaimed Grace, springing up; and Lena took the light and led the way to the unhappy bride's apartment.

"We never use it; it hasn't been slept in for years," said Lena, opening the door, "it is furnished just as it was when the tragedy occurred. They call her the Lady of Black Hall."

Grace shivered as she entered the great cold chamber and glanced at the massive mahogany bedstead, with its damask curtains, brought over from England years and years ago. Everything was cheerless, grand and time worn.

"This is the picture," said Lena, holding the candle above their heads; and Grace saw before her the full length picture of a young and beautiful girl, within whose great black eyes there shone an expression of intense horror as she seemed about to plunge a tiny dagger within her breast; her face was deadly white, her lips bloodless, her black hair unbound and falling far below the waist of her white dress.

"Horrible!" exclaimed Grace. "No one but a madman would have painted the contemplated suicide of his wife, and dwelt so on the horror she felt in committing the deed. But Lena," she continued, after a pause, in which they heard only the wailing of the wind in the branches without, "you don't believe that she haunts this place?"

"Of course not," and Lena's sweet lips curled.

"Well, then, do please sleep here to-night and find out for certain," pleaded the other.

And so it was arranged, and old mammy built a great fire on the long deserted hearth, and the commodore and his wife laughed at their girlish freak, and bashful Bob essayed one long, curious look at the perpetrator of such a wild scheme, and—at 10 precisely the household retired.

Grace locked the door and looked under the bed, in the closet, in the empty bureau drawers and the match safe, vases and wash pitcher before jumping into bed, to be sure that no ghosts were being harbored on the premises; and then, kissing each other good night, these two girls feel into a sweet, tranquil sleep.

How long they had slept neither knew, when suddenly both pairs of eyes flashed open simultaneously and they were wide awake. The storm had gone down and the moon shone brightly, and there, standing in the moonlight near the window, was a woman in white, with long, trailing, black hair. Neither girl screamed, but Lena clasped her friend's hand convulsively, and the latter returned it with a steady, firm, warm pressure, which said as plain as word, "Perfectly quiet."

Then the figure turned, and, fixing her mournful black eyes on the occupants of the bed, which fortunately stood in the shadow, she raised one hand, disclosing a gleaming dagger. At this Lena almost screamed, but Grace's little iron hand seemed holding her back, and she lay trembling, white and motionless, in the back part of the bed.

"I never heard of a ghost lasting so long," thought Grace. Then the woman walked to the window. Light as a feather Grace slid on to the floor, and, approaching the figure, caught her long, black hair in one hand. Off came a massive wig; the creature turned with an exclamation of "By thunder!" and bashful Bob, giving one nonplussed look, fled through the door, which he had opened with a skeleton key.—M. M. in New York News.

A Noble Science.

It is a trite saying that "the undevout astronomer is mad." No right minded person can look unmoved upon the sublime revelations of this noble science without being uplifted; without recognizing in what he sees the hand of an all-wise Creator; without experiencing a wholesome feeling of the utter insignificance of himself and the race to which he belongs. And there are very many to whom such a feeling is a needed tonic for self sufficiency and the arrogance of self.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Ants on His Head.

A young man in Hanford, Cal., called upon a barber and had his hair cut. As usual the barber applied some oil to the young man's hair. The young man retired to his blankets that night, but about 2 o'clock in the morning he awoke with the feeling that some one was trying to saw the top of his cranium off. Upon lighting a lamp he found that the only trouble was that the oil on his hair had attracted a few thousand ants.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Rough Change.

Illustrating the changes which French names suffer in this country, The Buffalo Commercial says that perhaps no aristocratic French name ever suffered more from foreign usage than that of the early resident and benefactor of Buffalo, Louis Le Coulteuix, marquis de Caumont. This gentleman is known in this vicinity as "Look-a-too" or "Licky-too." It must be admitted that the name is a pretty tough one for Americans to wrestle with.

RAILWAYS.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y

TIME TABLE No. 11,

To take effect at 8.40 a.m. on Tuesday, October 15, 1889. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

GOING SOUTH. READ UP.	No. 1 Passenger Daily.	No. 3 Passenger Saturdays only.	STATIONS.	No. 5. Passenger Saturdays only.
	Ar 1.21 P.M	Ar 5.58 P.M	VICTORIA	P.M.
	" 1.39	" 6.51	RUSSELLS	Ar 7.15
	" 1.10	" 5.44	ESQUIMALT	De 7.00
	" 12.43	" 5.19	GOLDSTREAM	
	" 11.48 A.M	" 4.23	SHAWNIGAN	
	" 11.36	" 4.10	COBBLE HILL	
	" 11.07	" 3.49	KOKSILAH	
	" 11.02	" 3.44	DUNCANS	
	" 10.52	" 3.34	SOMENOS	
	" 10.36	" 3.12	CHEMAINUS	
	De 9.34	" 2.14	NANAIMO	Ar 7.15
	Ar 9.15	De 1.59		De 7.00
	De 9.00		WELLINGTON	

GOING NORTH. READ DOWN.	No. 2 Passenger Daily.	No. 4 Passenger Saturdays only.	STATIONS.	No. 6 Passenger Saturdays only.
	De 8.40 A.M	De 2.30 P.M	VICTORIA	P.M.
	" 8.44	" 2.34	RUSSELLS	De 10.00
	" 8.51	" 2.44	ESQUIMALT	Ar 10.15
	" 9.21	" 3.09	GOLDSTREAM	
	" 10.16	" 4.04	SHAWNIGAN	
	" 10.28	" 4.24	COBBLE HILL	
	" 10.57	" 4.53	KOKSILAH	
	" 11.02	" 4.44	DUNCANS	
	" 11.12	" 5.54	SOMENOS	
	" 11.38	" 5.16	CHEMAINUS	
	Ar 12.40 P.M	" 6.14	NANAIMO	Ar 6.29
	De 12.49			
	Ar 1.01		WELLINGTON	

On Saturdays and Sundays

Return Tickets will be issued between all points for a single fare, good for return Monday.

Return Tickets for one and a half ordinary fare may be purchased daily to all points, good for three days, including day of issue.

No Return Tickets issued for a Single Fare, where such fare is twenty-five cents. Through rates between Victoria & Comox.

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NOTICE.

All claims against the estate of the late Rupert Silva, trader, Hope, B. C., must be in by 1st November, 1889, to

JAMES WARDLE, Administrator, Hope, B. C.
oc2-1m

NOTICE.

THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY (L'D), of London, England, having information that spurious waters have been manufactured and sold in this Province as genuine "Apollinaris" waters, in infringement of the Company's trade mark duly registered in Canada, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that proceedings will be instituted against all persons who after this date shall manufacture or offer for sale any liquid under the name of 'Apollinari" other than that put up by and bearing the genuine trade marks of the Company.

THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY L'D.
By Drake, Jackson & Helmcken,
Victoria, B. C., their Solicitors.
14th October, 1889. oct15

MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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CHAPTER I.



DOWN at my feet she is sitting, this pale, sweet woman, clad in the suggestive black crape. The dark folds lie softly against the slender throat in a caressing manner, and they remind me, as I look at her, of a pair of dimpled, baby arms, that never more will cling to the proud neck.

Oh! yes: and more than that memory is hidden within the folds of that black gown. There is a triple story of bereavement and of anguish of soul keener than that felt for the dead, but, as yet, I do not know it quite all.

She is a mystery to me, and I fail to comprehend her many times, although I know her history to be crowded with incidents sad and tragical.

The afternoon sun comes through the lattice in bright golden bars, and falls lovingly on her dark hair, revealing to me that it is not really black, as I had thought, but of a deep brown color, but she is not conscious of the sunshine.

The scent of the fragrant roses comes up from the little garden below, with the breath of carnations and violets growing plentiful there, but her soul is shut against all that is beautiful in nature to-day.

She is so strange and lives within herself, in such an atmosphere of deep sorrow, that I have never been able to penetrate it and understand the heart throbbing out its existence to the music of its dirges.

I would love to talk freely to her this afternoon, but am at a loss to know how to begin. I am, at best, a poor comforter; my heart is sympathetic enough, but its emotions fail me in words. In this, as in many other things, I am very unfortunate, and the good that I would do is never realized. But finally I venture: "Miriam, would you enjoy a drive on the beach, or shall it be a stroll in the woods to fill up this remaining piece of a day?"

Out there beyond the trees, and swelling shoreward, lie the blue waters of the bay, and beyond booms the broad Atlantic. There is a lovely drive along the sands, and the weather is glorious, and this is why I offer myself and pony phaeton to her, as accessories of a pleasant afternoon by the sea. But I have missed it again, and my suggestion grates on her optional pleasure.

Slowly the great dark eyes are lifted to mine in sorrowful negative, and I know I have swept an irresponsive chord.

I am answered further by a doleful shake of the head; but she essays no word. Small need; I understand her.

She crunches a letter in her hand savagely—a letter addressed to me, yet more hers than mine—as if to remind me that its contents are all she has room for in her thoughts, and that a drive on the sunny sands would only mock the shores of nothing to which her soul drifts this afternoon.

Then she gets up as if I have annoyed or disturbed her by my question, which I presume I have, and goes down the walk to the little wicket opening out to the clustering trees in front of my cottage. The great white lilies that droop either side the way are hardly paler than she, or more innocent.

The wind coming up freshly from the water catches at her gown, and tosses her long loose curls until she shivers. Perhaps it whispers to her of her far away desolate English home which stretches out its arms, figuratively, and begs for her presence; entreats the proud, beautiful face to shine once more within its great manorial halls. If that is what the winds and waves are saying, their petition is met, doubtless, with a cruel rebuff.

Presently she comes back to me, but, instead of sitting down on the ottoman at my feet, as I half expected her to do, she drops the letter into my lap, kisses me hungrily, whispers brokenly: "I can never do it never!" and goes up-stairs. I make no answer; there are no words left me adequate, neither does she look for a reply.

I take up the letter, and although I know it by heart I must needs run over it again. It has come all the way from Hastings, that beautiful city by the sea, in merrie old England, and is a call from desolated Heatherleigh Manor. "Do I know aught of Miriam Percival Fairfax? If so, tidings of her will be thankfully received. The grand old hall is waiting at her disposal, as the death of Sir Rupert Percival and his written request leaves her the sole legatee." I am not allowed to answer the letter; Miriam will not have it so, and Heatherleigh is nothing to me. Of course I have told her she had better go, but with a look of horror in those haunting eyes of hers, she has refused emphatically, as whispering with white lips she tells me that she "*hates* her ancestral halls," and "that I have no idea what I ask of her."

Perhaps I don't, and the deep aversion ranking in her soul toward her birthplace comes hissing through the white teeth, and effectually silences me in protesting further.

She came to me two years ago, sad and sorrowing, from the newly-made graves of husband and child. "Remember," she said to me once, "that my husband and son sleep where the shadows of Heatherleigh fall not on them. My poor, brave Arthur could not rest well if they did, and my little one has forgotten, on his dreamless pillow, the curse that turned him away from its maledictive doors."

I have not questioned her, regarding her sorrows and grievances as too sacredly her own for my intrusive inquiries, and she has only revealed that which she chooses to tell.

But she is the daughter of my dead friend, and therefore I open my arms, and receive the desolate, heart-broken woman into my home and heart. I flatter myself, too, that her sorrows have been somewhat mitigated through my efforts. She is cheerful, even, sometimes as we stroll in the fields, or wander off among the ragged hills where the wild heatherbell and barberry grow.

One time in particular I remember, as I sit holding the crumpled letter, a scene that with her face comes back to me, as beautiful dreams come sometimes across our days of care.

We had wandered up the hills, and were sitting at the foot of a tree, resting. Our baskets beside us were filled with the red fruit of the barberry, and wreathed with ferns and gayly-colored leaves. In the distance shone the blue waters of the bay, and above us beamed the cloudless sky, while the breeze dallied here and there, hinting of a sterner season.

Miriam leaned her sunny head against the mossy trunk, and sat looking far off over the shimmering waters in the quiet distance, and a look of almost happiness came into the perfect face. I sat watching her, wrapt in admiration, and hoping that the dawning of brighter hours had come.

She turned to me with animation, saying: "This is pleasant; so pleasant and peaceful!" and I was glad to answer: "Yes."

That was last year, and since then the fluctuating tides of peace and disquietude have run so often into a sea of counter currents, ebbing and flowing over that first great hope, that I am not certain of any thing permanent.

I hesitated a great deal before giving her the missive, thinking that perhaps it might not be conducive of any good, but after all I have done so, and regretted it immediately afterward. I fold up the letter now, wishing something had happened to it before it reached its destination, or that I had had discretion enough to have foreseen the consequences, and had committed it to the grate, as I might have done, seeing it was addressed to me.

While I am indulging thus in self-condemnation she comes down stairs, calm enough outwardly, the glossy hair freshly brushed, and I doubt not the tear-stains bathed carefully off the placid face, so as not to grieve me. She comes forward and takes my hands in her two hot ones, looks pleadingly into my face, and makes a strange request, a request that sends the blood surging back to my heart, leaving my cheeks blanched, I am aware, for she pauses, looks troubled and doubtive, and hesitates. But finally she has finished, and I have promised to grant her desire, although in ten minutes after she has kissed me thankfully and settled down on the shadow-flecked steps with a great sigh of relief I regret having done so.

She knows it is my intent to visit a relative living in the suburbs of Hastings, shortly, and she has asked me "while there, take a little run over beyond Fairlight, and —visit Heatherleigh." But that isn't the strange part of her request, though it is all surprising. She looked me calmly in the eyes and asked me to "bring her portrait away from the fated gallery with me." How on earth am I to accomplish this?

At first it seems easy enough to me, but on reflection the undertaking grows stupendous, and borders on the impossible. I sit very still, revolving the request in my mind, and every moment its magnitude is intensified. But I made no sign, and she sits with clasped hands, gazing out at the water, fully confident that I will be able to fulfill my promise, and I haven't the courage to undeceive her.

So we sit out the piece of a day talking some but thinking more until the sun goes down behind the hills, and the shadows grow longer and denser over the carnations and roses, and reach out darkly for the gleaming satin of the lilies which they envelop later.

Maggie, my little maid of all work, rings the tea-bell merrily, then peeps through the blinds to see where we are. Having seen us, her bright eyes disappear, and I know she has flown to her kingdom to keep "the tay proper hot" until we put in an appearance, which we do shortly.

Miriam—I always say simply Miriam—looks satisfied once more. I divine the reason; she has settled the letter question positively in the negative, or rather I have determined it for her by my rash promise.

But how I am to beard "the Douglas in his hall" is more than I know, and obtain the elegant portrait of the daughter of the house, because I am not to reveal her whereabouts—it is her request.

Miriam thinks, however, that I am the one all-powerful equation of her life, and sits over there sipping her tea in full confidence, while I choke down my dessert, measure my powers with a broken reed and transform my digits to ciphers.

The day of my departure arrives. Over against its fair, promising skies falls a shadow. I dread to leave Miriam. I would so love to take her with me, but the laws of the Medes and Persians are not more irrevocable than Miriam's nay. She is to stay here in the cottage at Bayview, and see after my affairs, while I am to go and enjoy myself. As if I could *enjoy* my visit with that gigantic undertaking supplemented on like a thing of evil.

If Heatherleigh was still in its halcyon days, as when I once visited within its doors, how differently I should feel about this matter; but I understand evil influences lurk in its long, dark halls, and march through its desolate corridor since Sir Rupert's demise.

This is one reason why my little tour comes to me, in the prospective, like a nightmare, and I feel a terror of it all creeping into my bravest moments.

These reports coming to me by letter occasionally I have never revealed to Miriam, which now is one thing I am thankful for, as I have not frightened her by any thing said to me and kept her away thereby.

I am positive, too, that she knows nothing of these things, as she gets no news from merrie old England. This, to me, is one ray of relief.

But I am ready, so is my luggage, and I must bid good-bye to Bayview and Miriam. She clings to me, pale and sorrowful, but there is a wild, eager questioning in her eyes as she lays her tear-wet cheek against mine. Instinctively, I know she is thinking of my promise, and I say, impulsively: "I will bring your portrait, dear." I don't add "if I can," which, perhaps, I ought to do, but leave the declarative promise in-



SO PLEASANT AND PEACEFUL.

tact, trusting Heaven for the fulfillment. She flings her arms around my neck at this, and sobs out her gratitude, releases me, and I am gone.

The friends with whom I intended to sail meet me at the pier, and all is well so far. There is an eager tread of passengers, a business air in the movements of the crew, a rattling of chains, a settling here and there, and the good ship Lady Clare weighs anchor and we are on our voyage.

The starting gives me a feeling of courage that I never dreamed of, and I stoutly resolve that, come what may, Heatherleigh's mysteries will not intimidate me. No; I will walk undaunted in its uncanny shadows, and hold converse, if necessary, with its spiritual occupants. And, more than all else, I should doubtless find some who would and could be only too glad to give me the history of the hall and recount to me in detail the sad, tragic story of Miriam.

To be sure, I have already an abbreviated account, a synopsis of the leading events of both, through Miriam and others, but this, my intended visit, should round up the whole.

This is why, I tell myself, I have undertaken this journey, although the sunny face of my cousin Gladys, in her far-away English home, pops up to mental vision, and claims its share in the visit to be.

Ah! yes, dainty little Cousin Gladys, whose fair blue eyes first saw the day in the dreamy light of the poetical Cotswold hills in the very heart of merrie old England, and who fought my "going to Hamerica" to live, was expecting me.

She was to-day, doubtless, sitting in her vine-covered porch overlooking suburban Hastings, and gazing seaward, wondering the while when "'Attie, who lived in Hamerica, would harrive." With this thought I gather myself together and seek my cabin.

CHAPTER II.

I am in the suburbs of Hastings, where the delicious and invigorating sea breezes wander over the hills and whisper down the green lanes.

Cousin Gladys' little cottage is a veritable paradise to my quiet-loving soul. Perched away up here on a height and nestling in its wealth of blossoming creepers, it seems a very sweet haven of all I desire. In the distance I can get a glimpse of the sea, and West Cliff and a bird's-eye view of High Wickham, but it is the picturesque beauty and blessed content of the bright fields and green hedgerows that please me most.

Above the distant downs a few fleecy clouds hover, then drift lazily out over the sea and fade into the infinitesimal. I sit down on the porch, over which the ivy runs



COUSIN GLADYS JOINS ME FOR A CHAT.

in profusion, with a sigh of satisfaction, and presently cousin Gladys joins me for a chat.

We talk of many things, over which falls the glamour of Auld Lang Syne, and by the time she excuses herself to see after the late dinner, I have had a goodly number of pleasant, and not a few unpleasant, reminiscences of suburban Hastings.

My friends of the voyage are staying with relatives near Ecclesbourne, and are pleased to notify me by post that they are going farther into the country, and desire my company.

This I can not do, as I am "bound for the hall," in the language, but not the spirit, of Tennyson. While thinking of my friends, however, I laugh a little, but end with a sigh, as bright Miss Stanley comes to view. I presume she has entirely forgotten her tribulation on board the Lady Clare, and her habit of being "addicted to the bowl." Luckily, I am not a victim of sea-sickness, and while Miss Stanley lay prone in her state-room, I was on deck enjoying the fine weather which we were fortunate enough to have nearly all the way over.

My cousin keeps her open carriage and drives a great deal, and as driving happens to be my penchant also, a goodly share of our visiting is done on wheels. We drove down to the beach several times and whiled away the hours of the long, dreamy afternoons amid the sea breezes and sunbeams. The ships, "white-winged and free;" the cliffs, seamed and scarred, and above them the Downs, never grow old or commonplace.

But Heatherleigh! The very name makes me forget the rose-hue for the rue and the shadows, and my superabundance of courage, coming as if by inspiration on board the Lady Clare, I find has diminished considerably.

Nevertheless, I vow to the trellised vines at my elbow that I am not afraid of any thing in all England, which wild affirmation, I am persuaded, sounds more like bragadocio than bravery.

There are several fine old places between Hastings proper and the country side flanking Heatherleigh Chace. Some of these stately residences have quite imposing facades, and others, high ivy-wreathed gables, while a number, in their elegance, put you in mind of the days of King Arthur.

But there are bits of sorrowful tradition and legendary lore connected with an occasional grand old structure calculated to make one stand in awe of their environs. Strange fatality marks many an old hall, and Heatherleigh, as I hear, boasts of one of the most tragical.

In the gladsome days when she and I were young, I knew the fair bride of the Percival house. She was a high-born English girl, whose sweet eyes first saw the light in a beautiful villa near Birmingham. I can imagine her fine face radiant with happy existence as the welcome of Heatherleigh's grand old doors floated around her. Ah! yes; I can see her, vivacious, regal and glad.

After she became Lady Percival our paths diverged, of course, but I often wonder to myself why her refined soul went out to me so unreservedly in those days, when I was but a cottager's daughter. "Affinity of soul," Gladys says. Perhaps she is right, for it is said that sublime relationship recognizes no barrier of circumstance.

Lady Percival was supremely happy during my visit at the hall, at least, but then it was the first year of her married life, and every one is supposed to find the matrimonial alliance pleasant enough for that length of time. But I never had the pleasure of seeing my friend after I parted from her at the end of the long avenue of elms, where she put her jeweled arms about my neck and bade me "come again."

It was this side of that affectionate leave-taking that all the beauty and sweetness faded from Lady Percival's life and the curses fell. I shudder involuntarily as I call to mind the story of the estrangement, broken hearts, crape, tears and malediction.

There comes a sense of suffocation and dimness of vision as I go back across the intervening years, calling up the memories binding me to the dead.

Lady Percival has been dead several years, and the proud Miriam was orphaned a decade later by the decease of the austere father, and last male descendant of the Percival house. After his tragical end the spiritual manifestations began, which have been a source of mysterious speculation ever since to those acquainted with the detailed disclosures.

To-morrow I shall set out for the Hall, which I only remember for its elegance as a fit setting for the almost divine beauty of my dear dead friend, as I call her to mind. Yes, I shall know for myself if these uncanny tales be true. One bright gleam of hope in regard to my visit of commission is that the old housekeeper, Peggy Clarkson and her husband, are yet occupying the servants' quarters at the Hall. I remember her odd but honest visage, and if she remembers me as kindly as I do her, I shall be well taken care of, at any rate. She was once very fond of me as "me Leddy's guest," and I am in hope concerning Miriam's portrait.

Poor Miriam, in the far-away cottage at Bayview! I fancy she is promenading sorrowfully and alone, among the late lilies, and thinking—of me.

I am back again in Cousin Glady's bright little cottage home. I have been several miles into the country since I sat in this vine-covered porch and listened to the recital of country-side episodes. And I have met with such strange experiences, and listened to such a blood-curdling story, that I am half persuaded I have lost my identity. Some way I feel like crying out with the old dame who took a nap in the King's highway: "Lauk a mercy, 'tis none of I."

We do sometimes have adventures that leave us in doubt as to our individuality, and to say that I am just waking up from the nightmare of the Heatherleigh visit would be, perhaps, the correct statement to make.

Yes, I have been there; the fine portrait of Miriam hanging in the little drawing-room yonder, and which Gladys admires very much, is a silent but magnificent sponsor, not to be gainsayed by any means.

And now, as my domestic cousin is elbow-deep in the brewing business this fine morning, let me sit here, where the roses have all fallen off and been swept away by the autumn winds, and tell you the story of Heatherleigh. I will, however, preface the story proper by a description of my visit and the appearance of the Hall as it now stands, knowing, as I do, that my friend's tradition, history and experiences would be unsatisfactorily given without it.

It is fitting that the roses have fallen, and that the scurrying breeze tosses the dry alder leaves into my lap. It all murmurs with the tone of the legend, voicing a volume of bitterness. And the old housekeeper told me, too, that was why my sorrowing friend over the sea was called Miriam. Because her lot was one of destined woe the christening was Miriam—bitterness. I confess that such things rising before us bring the question of Hamlet out in vivid coloring, as we watch the merciless wheel of fortune crush out the beauty and joy of life for some, when the fault lies generations back.

CHAPTER III.

The tall black chimneys stood out against the gray October sky like ghostly silhouettes, and the evening breeze swept around the lonely old structure when I arrived at the Hall. The heavy shadows were trailing over the neglected grounds and settling themselves in scores of uncanny nooks, and I shivered with a nervous dread as I put my hand on the great brass knocker of the western wing—the servants' quarters—and waited for admittance.

Heatherleigh Hall stands desolated. The building itself, a stupendous, roomy affair of red brick, with great festoons of the native English ivy wreathing the dark gables, and running over a goodly portion of the front, relieving the frowning severity of the weather-beaten and time-worn colonnade.

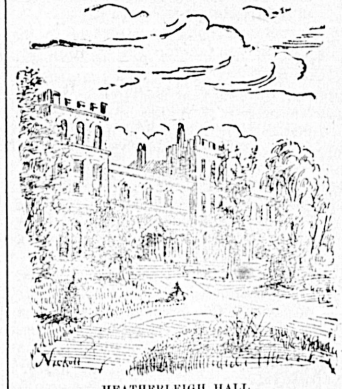
Three great yew trees, black as the shades of death, hover over the extreme western wing, and I imagined the evils of the Hall concentrated their forces in the heavy branches in the hours of sunshine, and stalked forth from their gloomy tops at night on their mission of terror.

The hallways are wide, deep and dark, and the ponderous doors of heavy oak clanged ominously after me as I slipped from one apartment to another in awe of the mystery.

Yes; I found there was a cruel legend connected with this once grand old place, which, for two centuries or more, sheltered beneath its ample roof-tree the descendants of the proud, hot-headed Percival house. But, under the influence of an ancestral malediction, they had dwindled down and scattered abroad, leaving the old Hall with but few inmates, finally Sir Rupert and his daughter being the last legitimate occupants.

Sir Rupert, after the death of his wife, lived here alone in the great house with his ill-fated daughter, keeping but a few servants out of the grand retinue of former years.

The fewer there were about him the better Sir Rupert was satisfied. As to being happy, or even half-way joyous, he was



HEATHERLEIGH HALL.

never after that stroke of sorrowful fortune known to be; for all pleasure went out into a blank solitude with the flight of Lady Percival's gentle spirit.

The merry-makers and social visitors who, in Lady Percival's time, thronged the hitherto convivial atmosphere of Heatherleigh, gradually dropped off after her demise, never again to enter the hall as welcome guests. Every thing changed at the Hall under the master's regime, until, in time, not a solitary visitor came to cheer or break the silent monotony of its desolation.

Sir Rupert was given to morose and melancholy days, and it was no wonder, under his spell, and grew to be an inhospitable old gentleman who, in his seventieth year, had come to even dislike a merry face.

Miriam had but few associates or visitors that she dared entertain at the Hall on this account; and under the influence of such distasteful solitude she grew taciturn and sorrowful. The shadows of her unfavorable abode told on her, and all the vivacity and freshness of her young life seemed degenerating into passionless existence in the frigidity of the Hall.

No wonder; even the servants became glum after the sunshine of Lady Percival's heart went out from their day, and they moved silently or with smothered grumble in their respective grooves, under the chilling influence of Sir Rupert's unsociable reign.

But there came a time, as it comes to all, whether their lines be sad or joyous, a break in the home life of the pale, silent daughter.

This change happened to Miriam when the tide of time set to the strange, joyless shores of the fatality that decreed the shutting of the doors of Heatherleigh against her, leaving her to drift away in sorrow's mists from its grandeur forever.

What had befallen her unlucky relatives had at last fallen with vengeful hand on the pale, proud daughter of the Percivals.

We sat and talked of her, in the dull gloaming of the autumn night so befitting her history, and listened to the fitful gusts of the angry elements sweeping around the Hall. By *we* I mean the old housekeeper and her husband, who were still occupying the servants' quarters, as I had rightly heard. It was in accordance with Sir Rupert's wishes that this faithful couple still kept their rooms in the west wing, and occasionally showed curious visitors over the main building. In the absence of visitants the Hall was kept locked, and the superstitious old pair never intruded on its dismal silence alone.

These two old servants, I soon found, were very much devoted to the memory of their dead mistress and the long-lost daughter. When I heard their lamenta-



"HOWLY MOTHER!" SHE BEGAN.

tions for the "young mistress," and beheld their tears, I was tempted to disclose her whereabouts to the sorrowing twain, but on reflection I remembered she would never return as they desired, nor hold converse with any one within the environs of her birth-place, and as she was virtually dead to them I might as well hold my peace.

But when the conversation turned on Sir Rupert, they had but little to offer in his behalf; although their tones were respectful enough, I could see they had not forgiven him for the merciless doings of an unnatural father.

"You must show me the hall and tell me the story," I said, as we sat around the cheerful wood fire kindled in the great chimney that filled up nearly one whole end of the apartment. This room was so cheerful and pleasant in the glamour of the firelight, as I looked about me and enjoyed its coziness, that I could not clearly connect its genial air with the huge, shadowy pile I had viewed with such distrust from the outside; somehow it seemed impossible and I said as much to my entertainers.

"Oh! indade, an' it's your own swate self that knows nothing about this ghostly ould place; no, nothing at all."

Peggy turned her chair around quickly and faced me with this exclamatory burst of Hibernian elocution because I had ventured, I presume, to throw a shadow of doubt on the superstitious stories rife about Heatherleigh.

Facing me, she looked as much like a genuine ghost as I ever care to see, in her broad, white, ruffled cap and snowy vandyke, illumined, so to speak, by the keen light of her wide-open blue eyes.

"No, perhaps not," I acquiesced, "but you must take me over the hall, tell me of the spiritual visitors, and then I may understand it better."

"That Oi will, me Leddy, in the daytoime, whin the spirits rest an' there be no fears ov botherin' ye's Oi'll show you the gloomy ould apartments."

"Spirits never bother *me*," I answered, bravely. But my courageous and daring sentence did not fall on Peggy's ears very kindly, I found, for she grew excited at once. Hitching her chair closer to mine, and putting her shaky hand on my arm in solemn warning, she broke forth:

"Me Leddy, an' it's yerself that'll pay for yer wild spaches this noight in this awful place. An' ye's niver lived at Haythurleigh naythur; an' niver hearn o' the masthur walkin' an' walkin' all the long, ghostly noight until the cock-crowin'. No, ye's niver hearn tell o' the loikes o' that!"

"Howly mother!" she began again, letting go my arm and dropping into an attitude of resignation, "an' the masthur was a terrible man, an' outen his head for the most part o' the time long to'ard the last. An' to this day, me Leddy, his ristless spirit be a rovin' through the great rooms, and repintin' uv of his thratement uv the proud-hearted childer. Oh! save us, a-worryin' and repintin' yet."

After this burst of the determined old housekeeper I gave in and let her have her own way on the spirit question. I saw at once that it pleased the two old servants exceedingly to think that Peggy had converted me to their belief in spiritual manifestations, so I consented by my silence and let them believe as they chose. They little imagined I might be convinced against my will. I was not permitted to enter the main building that night, of course not. 'The masthur moight be a-walkin'," Peggy explained, with drawn brow and confidential tone.

"I should suppose that you would not dare live here at all if Sir Rupert is so restless. Are you not afraid?" I said, when I found I was refused an evening glimpse into the hall proper.

"Och, no," exclaimed Peggy; "we niver bother with his part o' the 'stablishment, an' he's too much ov a gintleman to inter the servants' dingy rooms."

I laughed at her view of the matter and began to suspect that there was no spirit about Heatherleigh that wandered at night and dubbed by the inmates Sir Rupert.

My room was made ready for me in the wing and adjoining that of the old couple, for which I felt thankful. After such a vivid recountal as I had heard that evening, I felt it a privilege to be near a fellow mortal in the midnight watches. After retiring, I found that my nerves were all unstrung and I could scarcely close my eyes. Sleep I could not.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, went the great brass clock in Peggy's room, and every vibration echoed in my weary head. I fancied I could hear the tread of ghostly feet on the roof overhead, and felt certain that the tireless feet of Sir Rupert had stepped down and out of the deathly shadows of the dark, dank yews and were now on the repintin' promenade.

Alas! if I had but known just what I was fated to experience under the Heatherleigh gables, I should have died of fright before another day had dawned!

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning, however, my latent courage came forward, and in the smile of day I laughed at my trepidation of the previous night. Of course I prevaricated to some extent to Peggy, by replying in the affirmative when she asked me if I rested well.

After our late breakfast she conducted me through the silent, shadowy hallways, up the dark, lonely stair-cases, through the hollow-echoing corridors, and into the most important apartments of the hall.

The rooms were just as Sir Rupert left them, the housekeeper said, with the exception, of course, of growing old from neglect and the accumulation of dust, which was ruining the silken curtains, damask hangings and once bright-hued carpets. "It is such a pity," I said to Peggy, "that these must be doomed to desolate decay."

"Yis," she answered, as I ran my hand over the narrow gold-striped and gray satin of the upholstered furniture, and found it full of ruinous breaks. "Oh! yis, but who's a goin' to dust this foine furniture for nothin', ma'am, but only to see the exquoir ite patherns?"

I did not reply to her negative question, for I knew she was right, and I could but have said, "no one," at best.

"There was taste here," I said, looking about me, and making a note of the refinement in detail languaged forth in the faultless appointment of each stately-looking, but silent apartment.

"Ah! yes; an' the misthress had illigant taste to be shure, ma'am, an' the loikes o' her was not to be found in many a day's roide."

After ascending two flights of stairs we came to Sir Rupert's apartments.

"Away off up here, to be 'out o' the way ov the rabble,' he said," prefaced Clarkson as she put her hand on the door-handle.

This suite of rooms overlooked the park and a once beautiful lawn. And I caught glimpses of an artificial lake in the distance stretching its shining length beyond the lawn and around the park like a silver crescent.

"All ov these were perfectly illigant in their deloightful and palmy days," Peggy said with a sigh, as she shook the dust from the curtains and interpreted my far-away gaze.

I parted the crimson silk hangings as I stood in the deep double window, with its narrow panes catching the afternoon glow, and looked long and silently away over the deserted park, where the brown leaves went scurrying hither and thither in the autumn wind. Then my eyes rested once more on the artificial lake, and a sweet, sad memory came back to me; the memory of a row on its clear surface once, with Lady Percival, in fairer days, and the brightness of that care-free and happy hour came back like a wave of light, only to render the desolate transformation of the present almost unbearable. I shuddered and glanced at Clarkson as I clutched the silken folds of fading crimson and turned away.

"An' do ye's moinde ov the illigant days gone by, ma'am!" questioned she, divining the cause of my ill-concealed emotion.

"Yes, Clarkson, I mind," I answered, dropping the folds of the curtain, which seemed to burn into my hand, and coming down the dreary years to Sir Rupert's last lonely days.

"Doubtless he stood here, gazing out, perhaps, and breathing maledictions on the 'rabble' below; or did he unbosom his vengeance on the head of luckless guests!" I said, inquiringly, to Peggy, who had left the window and had gone over to a curiously-inlaid cabinet on the opposite side of the room.

But she vouchsafed no reply, simply making the sign of the cross and looking superstitiously around the room. Then, as if to avoid my gaze, she dropped her eyes to the tesselated rug at her feet.

After spending the greater part of the day on the upper floors, speculating and dreaming in the long-silent rooms and hollow-echoing corridors, we came to the main staircase, leading down to the central hall below. We had gone up-stairs from the first floor by a sort of winding stairs, opening out of the cheery-looking breakfast room. This room, the only really pleasant apartment to my mind in the Hall, had its share of tragical memories also, after all its softened air.

But to return to the main staircase, with its heavy shining balustrade of polished oak, to which we had come. The moment we set foot on the first step, in descending, Clarkson made the sign of the cross, and, turning to me, whispered half-audibly:

"This is the identical floight of stheps the master descinded just afore he fell and died a' strugglin' in the hall!"

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, feeling as if I were close on the promised mystery as I followed on down the "identical floight."

Once in the spacious central hall, Peggy moved tragically aside, and pointing to a door at the left, continued in her stage whisper to make further developments by saying: "An' shure, ma'am, the masthur was trying to rache that same door when he fell right here," pointing to a particular place on the mosaic work of the floor, "an' he died, puir man, 'thout iver knowin' ov any ov us."

She ended with a deep sigh and most doleful shake of her white cap-ruffles; and had my little stock of courage given out, she, doubtless, would have frightened the life out of me with her strange witch-like movements and mysterious airs.

"Let me go in there," I said, presently, pointing to the door at the left which the hands of the expiring Sir Rupert failed to reach.

"I hardly belave ye know what ye are askin' ov me, me Leddy. Faith, ma'am, an that's the dhrawin'-room, where the dead masthur lay!"

"No matter," I answered, calmly enough, "he isn't there now."

"Oime not so shure ov it, ma'am; the spirit ov 'im, ye know." She looked at me a moment and then continued: "Oime willin' to show you the dhrawing-room, ma'am, but it's getting to be tay-toime, an', at this toime ov day, ye must remimber, it's moighty gloomy in there."

"Well," said I, beginning to grow uneasy myself, "to-morrow will do as well."

"Yes," she assented, seemingly much relieved, "an' thin ye'd have to see the gallery, too, ma'am, with its foine paintings, shure; every wan sees the gallery, ma'am."

This settled it, and we soon passed from the deep shadows of the central hall out through an open court, and back once more into the cozy servants' quarters. Here we found old Ancil Clarkson sitting by the fire with a mug of beer for company, and waiting for the prospective "tay" Peggy had in view.

The next day Clarkson took a large brass key from a ring in the wall, and unlocking the fateful drawing-room door, bade me enter.

It was a spacious apartment, elegantly furnished. The high-backed, carved chairs and deep sofas stood in formal stiffness on either side the room, blending their dark outlines with the somber shade of the stained oak wainscoting. The two deep windows heavily curtained with rich damask hangings depending from their ancient-looking rings opened out on a veranda, whose ornamental row of carved pillars put me in mind of knights in armor.

At the opposite end of the apartment was a fire-place, whose massive mantel was decorated with curious vases and ancient relics, of which Peggy could not give the history.

In their niches, flanking the fire-place, were two pieces of exquisite statuary,

standing out in ghostly relief in the shadows.

The shining surface of the polished floor was covered here and there with costly rugs of "Tarkish desoign," as Peggy said.

But after all there was an unbending, uncompromising air about the drawing-room that prompted me to be brief in my visit. Our footsteps made an unwelcome sound of obtrusive impression that grated on my ears as we walked about in the hollow silence, and I felt a repugnance creeping over me which I had not experienced in the other apartments.

"The gallery nixt," murmured Clarkson, locking the door of the drawing-room behind us. "Oi don't moind the gallery, ma'am, though its histhory is forninst the whole of Haythurleigh in its theribleness."

I made no reply. I was coming closer to the object of my visit, the portrait of Miriam, and my promise to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER V.

The gallery! I never can forget it, or rather, the memory of those faces will never slip from my mental vision.

There were portraits on the walls, in groups and in pairs. Some of them were noble-looking and of pleasing countenance, while others looked down at me with a frowning face, as if to say: "Why do you intrude on our silent existence."

There were faces smiling forth from their wealth of long, sunny curls, and stern visages sporting powdered queues and looking coldly down over their great, stiff ruffs with an aristocratic stare.

I viewed each face with deep interest as the old housekeeper gave me its name and history as far as she knew, as we went from one to another down the long, narrow apartment.

"Here," she said, in a voice of pitying tenderness, as she crossed the floor to the opposite wall, "here are the portraits of the puir, unforthunate childer as has bin sint away from Haythurleigh by the therible distiny ov the house."

She paused before a row of portraits with their faces turned to the wall and folded her arms, while the great pearly tears rolled down her withered cheek. A strange



"MIRIAM," I SAID, NERVOUSLY.

yearning sensation seized me, supplanted by a nervous, chilling agitation. It was the first time I had felt my self-possession leaving me since I came to the Hall; standing there before the group of ill-fated sons and daughters branded with disinheritance, a flood of emotions indescribable rushed over me, and I mutely motioned Peggy to go on.

Gently, then, she turned the face coming first in order over. A bright face met my sympathetic vision, with a half-serious, half-playful expression. "Lionel," said Peggy, "an' that's all Oi know ov 'im, because his curse fell long forninst me loife." The next, a beautiful face with dark, expressive eyes and perfect mouth proclaimed her the daughter of a proud family. "Agatha," said Peggy, wiping off the dust with a caressing movement. "An' its her, ma'am, that ran away with a young Frinch Count, because the family couldn't bear the lookes ov a Frinchman. She died, poor thing, away off in France, somewhere on the banks o' the Seine. An' she niver coom back afthur her family forbid her iver showin' her proud, wilful face again at the Hall."

There were two more portraits of the broken-hearted, disinherited children who had gone out from the doors, and of whose fate none at the Hill cared to know after the gates had been shut against them. The next face was that of a handsome young man, whose dark, soulful eyes looked into mine as if to say, "pity me." "Allan," Clarkson murmured, as the fascinating orbs appealed to us, "puir Allan he was sint away in disghrace, ma'am, all because he loved a cottage lassie insthead ov the wan his family chose out ov the high carcles."

"Did he ever come back?" I asked, pitying this promising young face so early clouded because of vanity.

"Och hoon!" moaned Peggy, "an' Allan was niver the wan to come back, ma'am. He married the lassie and took her with him whin he left the counthry, me Leddy."

"And you know nothing more of his history then?" I asked, catching a last glimpse of the dark, honest eyes as she turned the portrait back to the wall.

"No more'n ye know ov the dead, ma'am; only a rumor now an' thin, an' rumors don't count for any thing."

But when the housekeeper put her withered hand, trembling with increased agitation, on the rim of the last reversed portrait, I felt that I was to look on the face of Miriam.

A deft movement of the trembling hand, a lowering of the crimson cord and the proud, beautiful features of my friend's unhappy child swung over to the dim, dreamy light of the long, silent gallery.

"An this wan is the puir, proud-hearted childer of me Leddy Parcival," sobbed Clarkson.

"Miriam," I said, nervously.

"The same, ma'am," replied Peggy, choking back a sob, while her warm Irish heart ached for the vision of the proud face which had nestled on her bosom in years agone.

Should I tell her of Miriam? I looked into the smoldering fire of the eyes on the canvas, and caught the answer as if by intuition. No!

The picture fascinated me strangely. There was something about it so inexpressibly sweet, yet so proudly sorrowful withal, that my whole soul went out to the sad, imperious woman, buried, as it were, at Bayview, with more fervency than ever before.

What a tale those firmly-shut lips might unfold could they speak. What a dearth of paternal affection, what loneliness of life could the Miriam beyond the sea reveal if she chose to tell it all!

And this was the portrait, then, I was to carry home with me, and I, as yet, had no plan to assist me in keeping my rash promise.

Poor girl!" I said softly, as Clarkson turned the face to the wall once more. Daughter of my friend, and come to this: her proud face turned to the wall in the hall of her ancestors!

I could not trust myself to say more, and Clarkson led the way to a corner, where the shadows were fittingly the thickest, and startled me by saying in a curious tone: "An' here is the masthur, ma'am, a hangin' all alone; all alone! The Leddy Parcival niver had her portait painted. She would niver sit for it, ma'am, and she was perfectly roight in it, too, afthur knowin' ov the throubles coomin' down on her daughter from the long loine of mistheries. She didn't want her face to appear in the Haythurleigh gallery, at all, at all!"

Clarkson's last sentence gave me an idea, and I could almost have shouted for joy at the promising proposition, but controlling myself with an effort, remembering in time that it must be matured, I gave my attention to the face of Sir Rupert.

Clarkson drew back the crape covering, and put aside the window curtains in order to let in more light. A gleam of sunlight flickered for a moment across the painting. Truly he must have been gruff and obstinate, judging from the heavy frowning brows and sinister-looking eyes beneath; yet under the uncompromising exterior I fancied I could see a deep, corroding grief, that, blighting his life in its prime, had mixed for his remaining days "the wormwood and the gall."

"And this is he who roams about the Hall!" I questioned, taking my eyes from the stern countenance on canvas and turning to Peggy.

She nodded in the affirmative, and drew the crape back over the portrait of the "masthur of Haythurleigh," as she would say, and together we left the gallery.

We had now been over the Hall, with the exception of a few apartments of "no intherest at all," and the library. To this last-named room we turned our attention. It was on the first floor, just across the central hall from the fateful drawing-room. Nearly one whole side of the apartment was taken up with books. I looked at the hundreds of richly-bound volumes on the oaken shelves, after Clarkson pulled a heavy tasseled cord and drew back a long silken hanging of green, which hid the majority of the books from view, and wondered who next would aspire to the ownership of such a collection of elegantly-bound volumes.

"They're as the masthur left 'em," remarked Peggy, breaking in on my speculative reverie, "an' he was a great mon for the books, too, ma'am."

"Tell me the story of Miriam now," I said, crossing the room to a great deep chair, with its inviting cushions, that stood by the elaborately-carved secretary in the corner.

"Niver a bit ov it will Oi be afthur tellin' ye's in this part o' the hall, ma'am. Oi'd be afthur gettin' into me own soide ov the house afore Oi've a wurrud to say about it at all."

"Agreed, Peggy," I answered, glad to humor her by going anywhere, if I only might hear the story of the daughter of my friend.

Once more in her "own soide ov the house," Clarkson lighted her pipe and sat down where the bright sunshine streamed in through the white dimity-curtained windows. I could not blame her for wanting to get back into her own cheerful rooms again, for I felt happily relieved of the shadows myself.

(To be Continued.)

THAT NEW SOFA.

The Valuable Lesson It Taught the Possessor.

"George," said Mrs. Hall, as they were in their pleasant sitting-room one evening, "I was never so much ashamed in my life as I was to-day."

"Really," answered her husband, smiling, "it must have been a serious matter. What was it?"

"Why, I called at Mrs. Savary's yesterday, and she showed me her parlor entirely new furnished."

"You were ashamed of that, were you?"

"Come now, you are laughing at me," said his wife, pouting. "I won't say another word."

"If you don't," said her husband in a mocking, tragic tone, "I shall never recover from the blow."

"You are incorrigible; but if you had only waited a moment I would have told you what it was that I was ashamed of. Mrs. Savary had an elegant sofa; you can't think how it set off the room. She told me that if she could only have one decent article of furniture in the room, it should be the sofa."

"And you were ashamed of her remark?"

"Of course not."

"Then I am still in the dark."

"Why, it made me think of our old-fashioned sofa, and what a contrast it was to the one at Mrs Savary's."

"So it might be, if it were in the same room with it; but you know it is not. I am sure it is comfortable enough."

"No danger of that," said his wife, "it will set off the rest, and make them all look handsomer."

"It may be so," said George, doubtfully. "I suppose you know better about such things than I do. If you are desirous of having it, I suppose I can buy it."

"Oh, George, if you only will, it will be such a comfort!"

"Then," said her husband, turning to the clerk, "you may send it to my house."

"It shall be done this forenoon."

The young husband took five ten-dollar bills from his pocket and paid them over for the sofa.

"This is the money," said he, as he was walking home, "that I was going to put into the savings-bank. You know that this is quarter-day, and for the last four I have put in this amount. Now, in consequence of our new purchase, I shall not be able to."

"It is only for once," said his wife, "and then only consider how much better our parlor will look."

Was it only for once? Time would show.

When that sofa came home, and was installed in the place of honor, the old-fashioned sofa was removed to a chamber. Somehow it did not seem to set off the room as much as it was expected to. It looked out of place, as Mrs. Hall could not help confessing to herself, though she was not disposed to speak of it. The plain but neat Kidderminster carpet looked decidedly cheap in comparison with it. However, Mrs. Hall resolutely shut her eyes to this unpleasant fact, and continued enthusiastically to expatiate in praises of the new sofa. She could not be contented until Mrs Savary had called and expressed her opinion of it. This happened before long.

"My dear," said that lady, taking a critical survey of the apartment, "your sofa is a handsome one, I acknowledge, but will you pardon my suggesting one thing?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Savary."

"Then allow me to suggest that a dark Brussels carpet is necessary to have it show to good advantage. Now this Kidderminster, I dare say, is a tolerably good one, but it couldn't have cost more than a dollar a yard."

"Only eighty-seven cents," said Mrs. Hall, a little confused.

"So I supposed. Well, you see, a carpet at eighty-seven cents a yard doesn't correspond very well with a fifty dollar sofa. To tell the plain truth, the old-fashioned sofa looked more appropriate."

Mrs. Hall almost wished that she had never bought the new sofa; but, having done so, she was determined, if possible, to have everything to correspond. She was too wise to say any thing about it at present, but waited until a week before the next quarter-day.

Then she began to indulge in brief hints, which at length became more decided. At first, George would not hear of a new carpet. He was determined not to omit his usual quarterly deposit this time; but at length his wife's importunities succeeded, aided by a lurking conviction on his own part that there was a real incongruity between the sofa and the plain carpet. The new purchase cost fifty dollars and a trifle more, which made George look a little sober; but he could not deny, as his wife said, that the room looked a good deal improved.

And was this all? By no means.

By the time the carpet was put down, it was discovered that the chairs, which were only cane-seated, looked quite inferior to the good company which had recently been introduced. When the next quarter-day arrived, it was found absolutely essential to purchase some black stuffed chairs. Afterwards came a new mirror, and a piano was hired, for even Mrs. Hall did not venture to suggest so large an outlay as the purchase would require. So the piano was brought, and some fifty dollars a year were paid for its use, though, by the way, it was never used, since Mrs. Hall had no ear for music; and therefore it served only for ornament.

By the time the year was up, George found that two hundred and twenty-five dollars had been spent for furniture, and not one cent had been deposited in the savings bank. More than that, as their style of living had increased with their new furniture, which had unconsciously elevated their ideas, George found himself some hundred and fifty dollars in debt. At this time, or just before, the great commercial revulsion had swept over the land, and George's employers had not been spared. They had not failed, but their resources had been greatly crippled. They called him aside on the last day of the year and told him that, though they should be glad to retain him in their employ, they should be obliged to cut down his income for the year to come to six hundred dollars. He went home much depressed, as well he might be. His expenses increased, his income diminished, and a debt to pay, which would swallow up nearly all he had laid aside in the savings bank.

He at length told his wife the cause of his despondency, on her anxious solicitation. The vanity and love of show she had exhibited lay on the surface. She determined to express her sympathy in an active way. What that was I will explain.

When George came home the next evening to tea, what was his astonishment to find a load of furniture before his door.

"Can it be possible," he thought, "that Mary has been purchasing new furniture?"

Looking more closely he observed that the new parlor sofa and other articles of furniture were included in the wagon-load. Full of amazement he entered the house.

"What's all this, Mary? What have you done with the parlor furniture?"

"Sold it," said his wife, composedly.

"Sold it!" exclaimed George, in surprise.

"Yes; I know that your circumstances were not as good as they have been, and I thought the money would be worth more to us than the furniture. I had heard that the Walkins were about to furnish their house, and thought they might be willing to buy our furniture at a reduced price. Here is what I got for it."

She placed in her husband's hands a purse containing one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Mary," said he, with emotion, "you don't know how you have relieved my mind. This will just pay off our debt, and I shall not be obliged to take the money from the bank."

The year passed. Again business revived, and with the first of January George had his salary raised to one thousand dollars; but though his means are increased, his wife has learned a valuable lesson, and probably will be content, for some years to come, at least, with the Old Fashioned Sofa.

—*Caroline F. Preston, in Yankee Blade.*

Maggots in His Ear.

A gentleman named Lord, from Alabama, some days ago had a fly suddenly enter his ear, from which it was promptly extricated. The insect then as suddenly disappeared. That night Mr. Lord experienced a sensation of itching in his ear. This grew in intensity and pain until it was unbearable. He went to Athens for relief, but remedies applied failed to afford it. Going to Woodville he stated his case to a doctor. The acute pain had by this time nearly thrown the gentleman into convulsions. The doctor, after applying an anæsthetic to his ear, inserted a copious drench, which brought out no less than eleven well-developed maggots, wriggling with robust life.

THERE WAS NO CHANGE.

Naturally when a lady puts a nickel in the slot and steps on the scales she is anxious to ascertain her live weight as near as may be. A few days ago the Listener was standing in a hotel corridor where there is one of the nickel devices when a party of ladies came in. They were out making some purchases and loaded down with bundles of various sizes, shapes and descriptions. They thought it would be great fun to have a weighing bee there and began to fish deep down into their pockets for 5-cent pieces. One of them, the first to get upon the scales, had a pound package of saleratus in her hand. "Why, Laura," exclaimed one of the others, "you'll weigh a pound more than you actually do; you've got that saleratus into your hand." "Oh, la, how stupid of me," exclaimed the woman on the scales. And she slipped the saleratus into her pocket. A puzzled look came over her face, and in an injured tone she said; "I don't see that it makes a bit of difference; I weigh just the same as I did before." The other ladies laughed and said nothing, and it was fully five minutes before Laura realized that a pound in the pocket is as good as a pound in the hand.

Mean But Businesslike.

The champion mean man has been found in Vermont. A young lady went into a dentist's office a few days ago and had her teeth examined, the doctor reporting them badly decayed, but by quite an outlay of money he could put them in good shape. The young lady departed, saying she would report to her husband and call again in a few days. She did so, and on her second call she was accompanied by her father, the latter telling the dentist to go ahead with the job and he would pay the bill. Thinking the dentist might wonder why he was paying the bill the father explained that the husband had said his wife's teeth decayed before he married her, and he was not going to pay for fixing them up; her father ought to do it.

The Count Caught On.

Miss Richandugly (with a sigh)—"Then you love me, Count?" Count Castagno (fervently)—"Lova you? My Goda, yesa!" Bobby (under sofa)—"Chestnuts!" Count (his old commercial instincts overcoming him)—"Fiva centa pint; how muchs you wanta?"

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ODD VERMONT EPITAPHS.

SOME OF THE QUEER ONES FOUND BY A PARTY OF VISITORS.

The Favorite Style of Inscription Was Verse—Grammar Sacrificed to Rhyme. Some of the Couplets Provoke a Smile, Notwithstanding the Surroundings.

A party summering here has made a search of neighboring graveyards for odd epitaphs, and report many interesting finds.

An ancient little cemetery at Vernon proved a perfect bonanza, at Grafton was found another, and at Londonderry, Dummerstown and other places, as well as at this place, there were several good finds. Most of the older stones are of slate. Within a few miles, sometimes within a stone's throw, were stores of granite that were inexhaustible, yet the old time Vermonters ignored that time defying stone and put their trust in slate.

IN GRAFTON CEMETERY.

Here is one we found at Grafton:

Gone Home.

The hand was probably carved with the fingers downward to point to the remains, but the inference drawn is often other than that. Near the stone was another which marked the grave of a man who had been murdered by an enemy. The epitaph was:

I'm Shot.

It was in the Grafton cemetery that we found one of the very oddest of our stones. It was in three sections, two large stones with a smaller one in the middle. On one of the large stones was an angel's head, with slits for the eyes, nose and mouth, and two enormous feathered wings growing from the side of its head, at the place where the ears should have been. On the small stone was an exact copy of this in miniature, and on the other large stone was a weeping willow tree, with twelve branches, at the end of each branch, hanging like a great, round apple, being a cherub's head, in the typical unadorned and unconnected style of the very early pioneers in the art of carving tombstones. The small stone was sacred to the memory of Thomas Parke, Jr.; one of the larger stones was in memory of Mrs. Thomas Parke, Sr., and the other was sacred to the memory of her twelve infant children. The inscription read:

Stranger, pause as you pass by;
My thirteen children with me lie.
See their faces how they shine
Like blossoms on a fruitful vine.

The story runs that an old slave of Thomas Parke, Sr., had been promised his freedom, and, not obtaining it, died cursing his then youthful master, and praying that his children might die before they were grown. All died in infancy, and only Thomas, Jr., reached his second year; but whether the slave's curse had anything to do with their sad deaths is matter of opinion rather than of history.

In a sunny corner of the Vernon cemetery lie the three wives of Mr. Abijah Rogers. The first died in 1784, and her tombstone bore the following epitaph:

Look down on me: I slumber here;
The grave's become my bed,
And think of death, that's always near,
For life may quickly fade

Five years later the second Mrs. Rogers died, and the widower buried her in friendly neighborhood to the first, and, to avoid all appearance of partiality, placed on her tombstone precisely the same stanza, though dignifying the personal pronoun in the first line with a capital letter. The third Mrs. Rogers has a more touching epitaph than the others.

In another graveyard was found this ungrammatical statement carved in stone:

My staff and stay is took away,
And I am left alone,
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is took away and gone.

LAMBS AT WHOLESALE.

It was in a New Hampshire burying ground that were found the graves of eleven children, over each of which was a marble lamb. The father of the eleven had, after the death of the seventh, it was alleged, purchased the lambs at wholesale. There was still one left of the dozen he bought, the story went.

One of the Grafton epitaphs reads as follows:

His languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er.
His calm, immovable breast
Will heave to flutter no more.

It is strange to see how some one mortuary stanza would have a run, so to speak, in the neighborhood. Here is a favorite one:

Sickness sore long time I bore;
Physicians' skill was Vane,
Till God did send death as a frieno
To ease me of my Pane.

For modesty this is irreproachable. It was not seen by this party, but was vouched for by one of the villagers:

O God, do Thou to Allen Ellen Radd
As Allen Ellen Radd would do to God
Were God but Allen Ellen Radd
And Allen Ellen Radd were God.

A favorite couplet is that which closes an inscription found at a cemetery in Vernon:

When living men my bones do view,
Remember well, Here's room for you.

Here is an epitaph that adorns the tombstone of a wife and mother:

If in after years beside thee sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music, and her face than mine more fair,
If a cherub call thee father, still more beautiful than this,
Love the little one, my husband; turn not from the motherless.

To complete the story it should be said that another did sit in her chair not long afterward, and that in time twelve little cherubs called him father.

In Vernon this simple tale of womanly heroism is simply told:

The room below flamed like a stove,
Anxious for those who slept above,
She entered on the trembling floor,
She fell, she sank, she rose no more.

—Brattleborough (Vt.) Cor. New York Sun.

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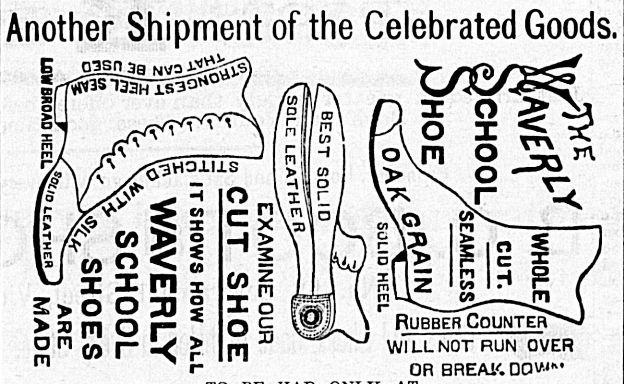
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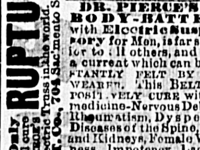
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HAS REMOVED

To No. 57 Government street, two doors north of Morison's Drug Store. my7

UNION CREDIT AND PROTECTIVE Association—Head quarters, 455 Main street, Winnipeg, Man. For collection of old and worthless accounts anywhere in the world, and no charges if not collected. O. E. COLLINS, Manager and Treasurer. All applications to be made to Winnipeg offices. ap14-12mo

ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING.

MISS McLEOD,

LATE FROM SAN FRANCISCO,

Over Jackson & Co.'s Drug Store, Craft & Norris' Block, Douglas st.

Where she will be pleased to meet the ladies of Victoria and exhibit her art of Dressmaking. Perfect fit and artistic draping guaranteed. Tailor-made and Evening dresses a specialty. sep28-1m

LOST!

On the night of the 28th inst., from Esquimalt Harbor,

A 14-FOOT BOAT,

Blue exterior, varnished gunwale, and yellow interior.

Any person returning same to Gunroom Mess, H. M. S. "Swiftsure," Esquimalt, will be rewarded. oc31

LOST—Small Gold and Enamel Lodge Emblem. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same at Frank Campbell's. n5-3t

VOTERS.

Any persons wishing to have their names added to the Provincial Voters' List, can have the same done free of expense by applying to W. DALBY, Office, Duck's Building, Johnson street. oct27

MISS A. R. CAMPBELL,
(Late Superintendent of the Nursing Home)
Medical, Surgical and Obstetric Nurse,
oct29-3mo 19 RAE STREET.

MISS MACNAMARA,
TRAINED MEDICAL AND SURGICAL NURSE,
15 Blanchard st., cor. Kane. o20-1m

J. & A. BOSKOWITZ,
WHARF STREET,
Highest Cash Prices Paid for Furs and Deer Skins.

MEDICAL.



DR. JORDAN'S Museum of Anatomy, 751 Market st., San Francisco.

GO AND LEARN HOW TO avoid disease, and how wonderfully you are made. Consultation and treatment, personally or by letter, on weakness and all diseases of men. ☞Send for Book. Private office, 211 Geary street. mh5dwtf

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

REGULATES THE Bowels, Bile and Blood. CURES Constipation, Biliousness all Blood Humors, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint Scrofula, and all Broken Down Conditions of the System.

WATFORD, ONT.

My daughter, after a severe attack of Scarlet Fever, was completely broken down. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills with but little satisfaction. Before she had taken one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, there was a remarkable change, and now she is entirely cured. MRS. HOPPERON. tts

NOTICES.

Eureka Silver Mining Company, Ld.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the following described shares in the Capital Stock of the above-named Company, have been forfeited according to law, and that the certificates therefor and relating thereto, have been and now remain cancelled, namely:—Certificate No. 106, William Dalby, 20 shares, Nos. 1600 to 1604 and 2323 to 2337; certificate No. 148, William Dalby, 20 shares, Nos. 2303 to 2322, and (relating thereto) certificate No. 105, William Robertson, 20 shares, Nos. 2303 to 2322; certificate No. 80, Hugh Stalker, 10 shares, Nos. 1507 to 1516; certificate No. 100, Hugh Stalker, 17 shares, Nos. 1240 to 1256; certificate No. 71, John A. Webster, 15 shares, Nos. 1021 to 1035; certificate No. 77, John A. Webster, 5 shares, Nos. 1331 to 1333, 1455, 1456; certificate No. 84, John A. Webster, 5 shares, Nos. 2234 to 2238.

All persons are cautioned not to negotiate or deal with the said certificates or shares or any of them.

Victoria, B. C., 26th October, 1889.
GEO. A. SARGISON,
oc27-1w Secretary.

The Perry Creek Gold Mining Co'y,
(LIMITED LIABILITY.)

Oct. Assessment, Due 16th Nov., 1889.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that at a meeting of the Trustees of said Company, held on the 17th October, 1889, an assessment of Five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable on or before the 16th of November, 1889, to the Secretary of the company, at the company's office, Victoria, B. C. Any stock upon which said assessments shall remain unpaid on the 18th of November, 1889, shall be deemed delinquent and will be duly advertised for sale at Public Auction, and unless payment shall be made before will be sold on the 28th of November, 1889, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

HENRY JACOBY,
The Company's Office, Secretary.
Government St., Victoria. oc19

Re Estate of Augustus Christopher, deceased.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the above Estate are requested to present the same to the undersigned, duly authenticated, within thirty days from date. All persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate settlement.

EBERTS & TAYLOR,
Solicitors for the Administrators.
Victoria, B. C., Oct. 25th, 1889. oc26

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT Chun Fook has left the employ of Fook Yuen & Co., of this city, and is not authorized to transact any business for the said firm. Wong Chu Shun has been appointed instead of Chun Fook.

FOOK, YUEN & CO.
Victoria, B. C., 29th Oct., 1889. o30-1w

ALEXANDER TOD, DECEASED.

ALL PERSONS HAVING ANY claims or demands against the Estate of Alexander Tod, late of Victoria District, deceased, are hereby required to send in particulars of their claims and demands to the undersigned, the Solicitor for the Executrix of the will of the deceased, on or before the 1st day of December next.

CHAS. E. POOLEY,
Langley st., Victoria.
Dated Oct. 29, 1889. oct30-1mo

SHIPS AND STEAMERS.

PACIFIC COAST S. S. CO.

DESPATCH A STEAMER EVERY five days for San Francisco, carrying Her Majesty's mails, from Outer Wharf at 1 p.m.

"City of Puebla," - 10th Nov.

R. P. RITHET & CO., Agents.
mar26

OREGON RAILWAY AND NAVIGATION CO.
COLUMBIA RIVER ROUTE

STEAMERS

Olympian & North Pacific

BETWEEN

TACOMA AND VICTORIA.

The following schedule for the O. R. & N Co.'s Steamers will be in effect until further notice:—

TACOMA---VICTORIA ROUTE.

Daily except Sunday.	Daily except Sunday.
Lv Tacoma - 7:00 a.m	Lv Victoria - 6:00 a.m
Ar Seattle - 9:15 a.m	Ar Pt. Town'd 9:15 a.m
Lv Seattle - 9:45 a.m	Lv Pt. Town'd 10:00a.m
Ar Pt. Town'd 1:15 p.m	Ar Seattle - 1:30 p.m
Lv Pt. Town'd 2:00 p.m	Lv Seattle - 2:00 p.m
Ar Victoria 5:30 p.m	Ar Tacoma, - 4:15 p.m

Tickets on sale to all points in United States, Canada, and Europe, via your choice of two Transcontinental Lines, and all Eastern trunk lines.

Ticket Office on Government street.

Information as to time, rates, connections, etc., cheerfully given upon application.

Telephone No. 77.

C. J. SMITH, General Manager.
A. L. MAXWELL, Gen'l Pass. & T'kt Agt. Portland, Or.
GEO. A. COOPER, Freight and Pass. Agent, Gov't St., Victoria.
nov10

FOR ALBERNI.

Regular : Steam : Service.

THE STEAMER BOSCOWITZ WILL sail for Alberni from Turner, Beeton & Co.'s wharf at six p.m. on SATURDAY, November 23rd, and after that date will make regular trips to Alberni as under:—15th January, 15th March, 15th May, 15th July, 15th September and 15th October, 1890.

J. D. WARREN, Agent.
Office—Government St., Victoria. n6-1m

O. R. & N. CO.



Str. "MICHIGAN"

WILL SAIL FROM

Portland for Victoria

DIRECT

Tuesday, - - November 5th.

GEO. A. COOPER,
oc12 Agent.

ESQUIMALT & NANAIMO RAILWAY



Steamer ISABEL
JAS. BENDRODT, Master.

On and after July 16,

the Steamer ISABEL will sail as follows, CALLING AT WAY PORTS:

Lv Victoria for Nanaimo, Tuesday, 7.00 a.m
" Nanaimo " Comox, Wed'sday, 6.00 "
" Comox " Nanaimo, Thursday, 7.00 "
" Nanaimo " Comox, Friday, 6.00 "
" Comox " Nanaimo, Saturday, 7.00 "
" Nanaimo " Victoria, Sunday, 7.00 "

For freight or passage apply on board. feb5

Canadian Pacific NAVIGATION COMPANY, (Limited)

Time Table No. 11 Takes Effect March 23, 1889.

Vancouver Route:

Victoria to Vancouver—Daily, except Monday, at 2 o'clock, a.m.

Vancouver to Victoria—Daily, except Monday, at 14:30 o'clock, or on arrival of C. P. R. No. 1 train.

New Westminster Route:

LEAVE VICTORIA for New Westminster, Ladner's, and Lulu Island—Sunday at 23 o'clock. Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock. (Sunday's steamer to New Westminster connects with C. P. R train No. 2, going east Monday.

For Plumper Pass—Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock.

For Moresby Island—Friday at 7 o'clock.

LEAVE NEW WESTMINSTER for Victoria—Monday at 14:30 o'clock; Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock.

For Plumper Pass—Saturday at 7 o'clock.

Fraser River Route:

Steamers leave New Westminster for Hope and Way Landings every Wednesday.

For CHILLIWHACK and Way Landings every Monday and Saturday at 7 o'clock, during river navigation.

Northern Route:

Steamship SARDONYX will leave for Port Simpson and intermediate ports on the FIRST and FIFTEENTH of each month. When sufficient inducements offer will extend trips to West Coast points and Queen Charlotte Islands.

Barclay Sound Route:

Steamer MAUDE leaves Victoria for Alberni and Sound Ports when sufficient inducements offer.

The Company reserves the right of changing this Time Table without notification. Steamers leave by standard time.

JOHN IRVING, Manager.
G. A. CARLETON, General Agent.
March 21st y25

PICTORIAL TOURISTS' GUIDE

—AND—

HAND BOOK

—TO—

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Publishing Co.

NOTICE.

SEASON OF 1890

THE PICTORIAL TOURISTS' GUIDE, now being prepared for the press, will be profusely illustrated with finely executed maps and illustrations of views, scenery, etc., of British Columbia, and will be placed before the public as an attractive work of art.

A large and constant circulation is guaranteed throughout the United Kingdom and on the continent, by special arrangement, through the medium of well-known tourist agencies in all the principal cities of Europe. It will be a sure means of advertising hotels, hunting and pleasure resorts, real estate, lands, investment projects, mining, and all schemes in connection with the development of the country and its natural resources.

For advertising space and terms apply to

P. O. Box 208, Victoria, B. C. oct15-6mo

The Colonist.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1889.

PASSENGERS.

Per Steamer ISLANDER, from Vancouver—C E N Piper, W H Saunders, M Metcalf, R Collister, Miss T Bowser, J D Holl, Mrs U G Crocker, F Pope, Miss F Gravely, A A Irish, S T Bowser, A W Hutchinson, A A Shaw, Jessie Benney, F Wilson, A B Thomas, E Stephenson, F McDonald, Miss Erickhoff, E B Hill, C McLachlan, Mrs Brown, M G McLeod, W Dunham, Della Infine, Miss C Bowser, H Campbell, Mrs J A Renny, J D Humphreys, Aggie Renney, C H Cram, R B McDonald, M Fox, Miss Katie Madigan, Miss Willis, W Rogers, W Mouatt, Miss Brown, W Graveley, W Hardiman, H J Smith, Mrs S T Bowser, Rev J Mowatt, E Grundey, N S Williams, J McK McLennan.

Per Steamer LOUISE from Westminster—Mrs Darr, Mrs Martin and Family, W McKee, Major Peters, Capt. Benson, W Paine, E Harris, W H Steves, T Robertson, W Rose, S Campion.

Per Str NORTH PACIFIC, from the Sound—S Hughes, M Roberts, R D Rees, H U Brackner and wife, Miss Scott, D Burns, Miss Melham, A Mackenzie, M Dobie, J H Parsons, A Fargher, D Wilson, Miss Davis, Miss Gray; C F Crouse, W R F Lewrie, R Pineo, J Guna, W. O'Connell, A Phist, J Kuna, W H Quinn, J McCann, M Stixrud, P B Scott, A Smith, J P Spitz, J Berry, Waller and daughter, W F Wilson, W J Murphy, L Sutton, T Strand, C Twigs, P Turner, T H Osgood, W C Anderson, Miss G Anderson, L H James, L Lovey, C McCurdy, A H Gall, S Vingl, H Landes, R A Swinerton.

CONSIGNEES.

Per Steamer ISLANDER, from Vancouver—J & A Clearihue, C Strouss & Co, Henry Short, M W Waitt & Co, Hall & Goepel, Langley & Co, R Lettice, Frank Hurd, Simon Leiser, E C Baker, Geo Powell, R W Holland, T Earle, J Calvert, Ames Holden & Co, J Fullerton, C E Redfern, Redon & Hartnagle, Mang B B N A, John Weiler, W H Redmond, Hudson's Bay Co, G O Mills, McLennan & McFeeley, Mathews, R & Tye, Hon P O'Reilly, Gilmore & McCandless, H Waller, Fell & Co, Miss Agnes Knight, Fleming Bros, J W A Cohen, Russell, McDonald & Co, J Sehl, C Gordon & Son, R Jamieson, Lenz & Leiser, T N Hibben & Co, J J Daley, H Saunders, A B Erskine, R Roberts, G H Maynard, Carne & Munsie, John Frank, H Mansell, Jame Maynard, J Teague, Jr, J Piercy & Co, H Gribble, Turner, Beeton & Co, Thos Shotbolt, Corp of Victoria, Cowan, Shaw & Co, Beckwith & King, J C Devlin, Henry Ware, W J Jeffree, E B Marvin, J M Leet, F Norris, J A Lamea, J McCorman, Hastie & Lockhart, J Sehl, Brown Bros, John Barnsley, Albion Iron Works, Boucherat & Co, Simon Leiser, Sing Keo, Vaio & Brooks, Van Volkenburgh, Dom Ex Co.

Per Steamer LOUISE, from Westminster—Lang Sing, S Leiser, McLachlan Bros, Mrs A Churchill, R Ward & Co, Geo Vienna, Jno Dooley, W McDowell, W Caine, U Nelson, Jay & Co, L Willie.

Per Str NORTH PACIFIC, from the Sound—M W Waitt, Marvin & T, Turner B & Co, F Norris, Nicholles & R, T D Proser & Co, D H Ross & Co, Fell & Co, W G Cameron, J Cunningham, M R & Tye, R C P mills, G Morrison, W & J Wilson, E G Prior & Co, H W Hawley, J J Hart & Co, J Weiler, H Saunders, Ogle C & Co, S Leiser, Keeler & B, E J Thain.

DIED.

WATERHOUSE—In this city on the 9th inst., of cancer, Harriet, the beloved wife of Thomas Waterhouse, of Esquimalt, aged 61 years.

The funeral will take place to-morrow (Monday), at 2:45 p. m., from St. Joseph's Hospital, and at 3 o'clock from Christ Church Cathedral.

Friends are invited to attend.

WANTED,

2,000 lots of ladies' and gents' new and cast-off clothing, by the 1st of Dec. N. POINTER, No. 85 Johnson street, cor. of Broad. *

MR. FRANK CHAMBERS, a prominent real estate dealer of Port Angeles, Wash., is stopping at the Oriental Hotel for a few days. Mr. Chambers, in an interview, assured us that Port Angeles evidences a great upward movement of real values, and certain handsome profits to small investors, and fortunes to capitalists.

Investors seeking prime propositions of substantial merit, propositions susceptible of quick enhancement, would do well to see Mr. Chambers who, we have been informed, will cheerfully give every information concerning Port Angeles and the adjacent country. 2t*

Over 25 years have "Sweet Crporals" enjoyed a world wide reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

Ice Cream and Ice Cream Sodas

Every day at the CHICAGO CANDY FACTORY. Parties and Picnics supplied at short notice. 48 Government street. *ap9-6mo

High Art.

Nothing to equal the display of picture mouldings, etc., at SOMMER'S, 48 Government street, has ever been shown in Victoria before. *my5-6m

Tried! Tested! Proved!

A Year ago last summer I was troubled with dysentery. I procured Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and took according to directions, which completely cured me. ROBERT E. GREEN, Lyndhurst, Ont. This medicine cures all looseness of the bowels. sw

The Caligraph speaks for itself.
* T. N. HIBBEN & Co., Agents.

"Rich and Rare

Were the gems she wore," and her visiting cards were printed from copper plate at THE COLONIST Office.

Sweet as a nut—Sweet Caporals.

New Seattle,

Look out for the sale of Lots to-day, in the New Town of Seattle, B. C., on the Fraser River, at the Mission Bridge. Prices will be advanced within thirty days BOURCHIER & HIGGINS, Agents.

A Strong Following.

MANY diseases result from neglected constipation, such as sick headache, bad blood, foul humors, heartburn, dizziness and general ill health. From one to three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure constipation and all diseases caused by irregularity of the bowels.

Ulsters, Jackets, Waterproofs, Jerseys. Furs, Etc., Etc.

Those ladies who have so kindly awaited the arrival of the above (delayed by dock laborer's strike) will please accept this notification.
* WM. WILSON & Co.

One set of Bancroft's History of Pacific Coast, at half publisher's price.
* T. N. HIBBEN & Co.

Without a rival—Sweet Caporals.

Nothing

Looks neater or more fashionable than [illegible] an engraved visiting card. Send your orders to THE COLONIST office.

Pocket cutlery, gold pens and pencil cases, photograph albums, toilet sets, writing desks, etc., at
* T. N. HIBBEN & Co.'s.

One 7 drawer Tucker File for sale by
* T. N. HIBBEN & Co.

Electro-plated goods at CHEAPSIDE. *

Neat and Fashionable.

Visiting cards printed from copperplate at THE COLONIST office.

In Many Forms.

DYSPEPSIA assumes many phases, all disagreeable to the sufferer, yet it takes no form which from two to four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters will not cure. B.B.B. cures dyspepsia, tones the weak stomach, aids digestion, sharpens the appetite and renovates the entire system.

When Baby was sick,
We gave her Castoria
When she was a Child,
She cried for Castoria
When she became Miss,
She clung to Castoria
When she had Children,
She gave them Castoria

JOHN DOHERTY, GENERAL SCAVENGER

Yards, etc., cleaned. Orders left at Mr. G. Doughty, cor. Blanchard and Fort sts, Bossi & Giesselman, Yates st, or J. Finlayson's, Government st, will be promptly attended to. *ap20-1y

LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL.

A Handsome Souvenir.

Provincial Police Officer Miller received yesterday from His Excellency the Governor General, a magnificent diamond pin, as a souvenir of the vice-regal visit during which Mr. Miller acted as equerry to the Queen's representative.

Impending Changes.

Capt. Young, Inspector of Customs, is on his way to Victoria via the Northern Pacific. Capt. Young's visit is reported to be in connection with the impending changes in the customs department in this city and at Westminster.

The Grismer-Davies Season.

"The Tigress," a dramatization by Ramsey Morris from his own novel, "Crucify Her," will be presented at The Victoria on Tuesday evening next, Nov. 12th, by the well-known and popular favorites, Jos. R. Grismer and Phœbe Davies, supported by their own company. Seats for sale at Waitt's.

Southward Bound.

The following passengers will sail for San Francisco to-day by the steamer City of Puebla: Mrs. Thos. Ladner and family, R. J. Ferguson and wife, S. A. Phillips and wife, Capt. J. F. Simpson and wife, J. M. Hastings, G. Palmtag, G. E. Magee, O. H. Goodwin, Mrs. Jacob Sehl and daughter, Mrs. Gravelly and Mrs. Westcott.

The Measure of Success

Which has been accorded to us in the past, encourages us to greater efforts than ever to please our customers. The magnet which draws so many people to our store is charged with a combination of low prices and good quality. Full stock of fall goods now on hand which we wish you to see. CAMERON the clothier.

For the North.

The steamer Boscowitz leaves for the north to-day with the following passengers: W. Skill and bride, Skeena river; Wm. Bolton and wife, Fort Simpson; J. Rudlin, Metlakathla; H. Redgrave, Mr. Pierre, H. Ashby, Alert Bay; Chief Shakes and guards. The Boscowitz will also take up about 200 tons freight for way ports and Chief Shakes' new monument and coffin.

Obituary.

Mrs. Harriet Waterhouse, wife of Mr. Thos. Waterhouse, of Esquimalt, died yesterday, aged 61 years. The deceased lady was one of the earliest residents of Esquimalt town, coming to British Columbia in the early fifties. She had for many months been a sufferer from cancer, which resulted in death. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 2:45 o'clock, from St. Joseph's Hospital, and at 3 o'clock from Christ Church Cathedral.

This Afternoon's Concert.

Select programme to be performed by the Philharmonic Band at the Park Pavilion, commencing at 2 o'clock this afternoon, weather permitting:—

Grand March Reception	Hare
Sacred Melodies	Sankey
Potpouri Queen's Own	Round
Selection National	Wright
Coronet obligato	F. A. Suscombe
Potpouri Dream Songs	Sydney Linton
Sacred March	
Ring the Bells of Heaven	Newton
Selection, Gypsy Bride	Round

God Save the Queen.

Trade Notes.

The steamer Islander last night brought a carload of butter and eggs, five carloads of mixed merchandise, mostly Christmas goods, and fifty packages Japanese oranges, first of the season.

Messrs. R. P. Rithet & Co. ship 200 barrels of salmon to San Francisco today.

One hundred bags of rice for San Francisco will go by the City of Puebla to-day from the Victoria Rice Mills.

"Miriam."

With this issue the opening chapters of the serial, "Miriam," are presented to our readers. This story is the second in the series of the works of fiction by well-known authors which it is proposed to reproduce in the columns of this paper during the next twelve months. It is intended to make these serials a feature of the paper during the next year; and, judging by the appreciation with which the first of the series has been received, the new departure has met with the approval of the public.

Real Estate Sales.

The following sales are reported for the week ending November 9th; Bourchier & Higgins, 350 acres Port Angeles, $70,000; three acres Esquimalt road, $4,000; lot 25, Oak Bay avenue, to Miss Horton for $275; and several other miscellaneous sales amounting to $5,000.

F. G. Richards, Jr., Victoria property $7,000; Port Angeles $2,700.

Other real estate agents report business equally as brisk and a large amount of property has changed hands during the week.

Contributors to Provincial Museum.

Victoria—James A. Douglass, Judge O'Reilly, Fred. Neeves, R. E. Jackson, Master Frank Green, P. Steele, Miss Sorby, Fred. Maynard, D. M. Eberts, T. H. Robinson, W. J. Henly, Morris Moss, J. W. Keller, W. Bickford, Dr. Hasell, Master Bertie Green, Wm. Brethour, C. S. Finlaison, E. Mallandaine, Mr. Pemberton, Mrs. Stannard, Master Jack Wolfenden, Master Wm. Wilson, C. Pardoe.

Vernon—D. McEdwards, Price Allison.

Kamloops—Wm. Fortune.
Hope—James Wardell.
Barkerville—Sargent Lindsy.
Comox—W. B. Anderson, S. Cliffe.
Shawnigan—J. E. Haughton.
Shopland—J. S. Shopland.

First Fruits of the Order.

During Friday night the British bark George, Capt. Townsend, owned by Capt. Wm. Grant, of this city, arrived from the Inlet and anchored in Esquimalt harbor, just inside the naval yard point. This point being wit[illegible] stance Cove[illegible] Con[illegible] and by the recently issued order-in-council under the direct charge of the officers of H. M. Navy and appropriated to their use, as soon as daylight showed the position of the bark the admiral sent on board requesting the captain to shift to some other part of the harbor, and offering a crew for the purpose. Seeing that nothing else was to be done, Capt. Grant allowed the bluejackets to come on board and remove the George to another portion of the harbor.

Y. M. C. A.

The following services will be held in the rooms on Broad street to-day:

9:30 a. m.—Bible training class.
4 p. m.—Gospel service.
8:30 p. m.—Service in the interest of young men, addressed by Rev. John Reid and Rev. D. Fraser. Anthems by the choir of Calvary Baptist church.

As the week of prayer of the association throughout the world begins today, a number of the city pastors will preach special sermons to young men. Calvary Baptist, subject "The two monuments." Gorge Road Methodist, subject, "The young man's question and its important answer." Reformed Episcopal, subject, "The Bible for young men." St. Andrew's Presbyterian, First Presbyterian, Pandora Street Methodist.

From Bad to Worse.

SCROFULA leads to consumption. From three to six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters will cure scrofula, salt rheum, erysipelas, boils, pimples, blotches, tetter, shingles, scald head, sore eyes, and all skin affections, by cleansing the system and removing all impure matter that causes bad blood. swf

T. N. HIBBEN & Co. are agents for the Admiralty Charts.

LITTLE LOCALS.

The Tramway Co. have commenced grading on Johnson street.

The Pioneer society met last evening and adjourned until to-morrow evening.

Among the cargo of the Parthia were eight carloads of silk, valued at about $1,000,000.

Croquet Sets at Daley's, No. 111 Government street. *

A few hard coal base burning stoves at McLennan & McFeely's. *

Mrs. Dickenson's dancing class, about thirty couples strong, met last evening for a social dance in Harmony Hall.

The people of Metchosin announce a first-class entertainment to be given in their new hall on the evening of the 12th inst.

Sheriff McMillan and Messrs. Shotbolt and Morison, J.'s, P. were busy yesterday striking the jury for the coming assizes.

A fine line of sealette jackets, just to hand. SHEARS & PAGE. *tf

Use Shipe's Patent Stove Pipes. See large assortment for sale by McLENNAN & McFEELY. *

The Sir William Wallace society have leased a suite of rooms in one of the new buildings in course of erection at the corner of Trounce and Broad streets.

A special train brought Liberati's band and concert company from Nanaimo early yesterday morning in time for them to catch the Sound steamer.

Yesterday afternoon the cable barge Electron slipped away from her anchorage and floated about James Bay. It was secured before it ran against anything.

The funeral of the late Henry Soar will take place this afternoon from Storey's undertaking establishment.

Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hughes died at her parents residence, Yates street, on Friday afternoon.

Yesterday was the 48th anniversary of the birthday of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and many flags were accordingly floating in the city in honor of the anniversary.

The Victoria Canning Co. has purchased the O-wee-kay-noo river cannery, and will operate it and the saw mill also, formerly owned by Mr. H. Saunders.

For Style and Finish, "We Lead." HALL & LOWE, Photographers, Government street. *

Two well-known Vancouver retailers are reported to have joined the Canadian colony in the land of the free, while their provincial creditors lament their absence.

Advices from Okanagon state that heavy rains have fallen during the past two weeks, much to the delight of the ranchers, who look for an excellent hay crop next year.

The finest line of perfumes, toilet sets and fancy soaps, etc., is to be had at John Teague, Jr's, drug store, Poodle Dog block, Yates street. Prescriptions carefully compounded at any hour of the day or night. Telephone call 469. *

Mr. Geo. Jay, sr., supplied the hanging baskets and palms which were so much admired at the recent civic ball to His Excellency, and Mr. G. A. McTavish furnished the potted plants. The decorating was done by Mr. Charles Moss.

The hackdrivers wish to contradict the statement that the two men who figured in Friday's police court are of their number. They say that neither ever mounted a box, although they procured licenses, and for a time drove freight trucks.

In another column, Mr. T. C. Nuttall offers for sale the valuable property formerly occupied by the Bank of British Columbia, at the corner of Government and Bastion streets. This corner is one of the most valuable in town, and should attract the attention of capitalists.

The Ames Holden Co. have sent out a travelling advertising board which is attracting a great deal of attention on the streets. It is composed of a man with leather boots, hat and belt with the address of the company and praises of their goods painted on them in startling white characters.

The ties and poles for the electric tramway are already cut; but that is nothing compared with the cutting that HASTIE & LOCKHART are now doing in the prices of furniture, upholstery, carpets, linoleums, mattings, etc. A call at their furniture emporium, 62 Government street, will convince you that they have the finest assortment of goods ever offered to the public; and at the least money. Specialties in upholstery and bedroom suites. Call and see us. No trouble to show goods.

CUTTING prices on Furniture seems to be the order of the day. Not wishing to be outdone by anybody, JACOB SEHL has decided to enter the cutting field and cut down prices 10 per cent. lower than any other firm, on the largest and best assorted stock in the province, of furniture, carpets, linoleum, matting, window blinds, crockery, glassware, lamps, etc. Call and convince yourself at Nos. 66 and 68 Government street. *

C. E. Mallette is not cutting prices, but he has any amount of the best Wellington coal for sale at current rate. Try some. o19-1m

PERSONAL.

W. H. Steves, of Lulu Island, is in the city.

Mrs. L. B. Hamilton returned to Vancouver this morning.

F. H. Osgoode, of the Seattle Electric Railway, is in town.

R. A. Swinerton returned from Port Angeles last evening.

S. A. Phillips and wife leave to-day on a trip to California.

Wm. Powers, of Moodyville, returned to the mainland this morning.

Hon. Justice Crease returned from Nanaimo yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Jacob Sehl and daughter leave to-day on a visit to California friends.

Miss Harvey returned to Nanaimo yesterday after a short visit in the city.

Major Peters and Capt. Benson returned from Westminster yesterday afternoon.

Henry Landes, the Port Townsend banker, came over by the North Pacific last eveni[illegible]

Mrs. Thomas Ladner and family leave to-day for California, where they will spend the winter.

E. Johnson and wife and E. Musgrave returned to Cowichan by the afternoon train yesterday.

R. E. Pirieo, of Ceylon, India, arrived by the Sound steamer last evening, and is at the Driard.

O. H. Goodwin, of Goodwin & Jordan, will be a passenger for San Francisco by the direct steamer to-day.

Chief Engineer Deasy is recovering slowly from a severe illness which has confined him to his room for upwards of a fortnight.

W. McIlwraith, representing the Capricornian and the Morning Bulletin of Rockhampton, Queensland, is in the city on a visit.

E. G. Anderson, B. Van Volkenburg, Hon. C. E. Pooley, F. S. Barnard, M.P., G. A. Keefer, and M. King left by the Islander for Vancouver this morning.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. my31-eod-w

Fresh Oysters delivered to all parts of the city. New England Bakery, Government street. YOUNG BROS.,
o4 Telephone call No. 161.

THE VICE-REGAL MOVEMENTS.

His Excellency and Party Reach Vancouver on Friday Evening and Spend Saturday in Westminster.

H. M. S. Champion, with the Governor-General and party, reached Vancouver at 5 o'clock on Friday evening. Their Excellencies landed by means of the vessel's steam launches, and as they left the ship a salute was fired and the blue jackets manned the yards. The mayor of Vancouver, Mr. H. Abbott and others received the Governor-General and party at the landing and escorted them to their private car on the siding at the approach to the C. P. R. wharf. Here the vice-regal party spent the night. Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock the special train left for Westminster, arriving at the Royal City about 10 a.m., where the following programme had been arranged: Upon arrival addresses were delivered and replies received at the depot. The Governor-General and party, accompanied by the city council and invited guests, then embarked on the steamboat Samson and proceeded to the hatchery, thence to the Royal City Planing Mills, from there to Ewen's cannery and return to Sapperton in time for lunch at 2 p. m. After lunch Lord Stanley and suite visited the penitentiary, the Insane asylum and Queen's Park. At 6 p. m. a public reception was held in Herring's opera house.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

WRESTLING.

The wrestling match at Seattle Friday night between W. H. Quinn, of Victoria, and J. H. Donovan, the self-styled champion of Australia, for a purse of $300, was a miserable fiasco, the strong man of this city playing with his opponent like a cat with a mouse. Quinn was in fine form and a round of applause greeted his appearance. Donovan came on the stage a moment later. He was also applauded. He looked bad, and as he walked across the stage his step was uneven. He had hardly taken his seat when his head dropped down upon his breast and he went asleep. It began to dawn upon the crowd that he was drunk, and when his second a moment later awoke him groans were heard in different parts of the house.

James H. Faulkner was chosen as referee and at 9:20 o'clock time was called, and the men advanced to the centre, Donovan with a rather uneven step. Quinn took his hold, but it was some time before Donovan took hold. It was just twelve seconds after Donovan had obtained a grip that he was flat on his back on the stage. The referee decided no fall, and they went at it again.

Donovan made no effort whatever to wrestle. He simply kept hold of Quinn's harness and was draw about the stage. This did not last long, for Quinn downed him with a tow hold, and the referee decided it a fall. Donovan refused to break his hold until shaken off, and for his action was roundly hissed. Time, five minutes. Actual wrestling, one minute. From this on the match was a farce.

The second and third bouts were repetitions of the first, only the time was put down at 3 minutes and 30 seconds respectively.

On the conclusion of the hippodrome, Quinn stepped forward and in a manly fashion apologized for having any connection with the farce, and pronounced Donovan a disgrace to the profession.

LAST NIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.

There were about 100 interested sports present at the Yates street rink last evening to witness the ten-mile square heel-and-toe race between Ed. Shade, of this city, and Frank Hart, ex-champion go-as-you-please man of the world.

Neither of the men were in very good condition, as both had severe colds. Jim McCann was agreed upon as referee, and Messrs. Lewithall and Wilby as scorers, and the walkers started on their long tour round the sawdust track at 9.15 sharp.

From the first Hart showed himself to be the more graceful walker, Shade's size and gait taking from the effect of his performance. He made good time, however, and managed to keep within a few feet of his more experienced rival all the time.

The first mile was completed in eight minutes, with Hart a fraction in the lead. The second mile was the most interesting of any in the race, being marked by frequent spurts. For a time, Shade held a good lead, but when the second mile had been completed the foreign man had regained his advantage. The time was the same as made in the first.

In the third, Shade kept a lead for five laps,—the track was twelve to the mile; and the hopes of his supporters rose. Betting was lively at even money. During the third mile, Shade claimed a foul, but it was disallowed by the referee.

In the tenth mile the Victoria boy spurted and kept a ten-foot lead for a couple of laps. Then Hart stretched out, passed, and secured a lead which he retained to the end, winning the race by about two feet. Time, 1.25½.

After the walking match a first-class wrestling exhibition was given by W. H. Quinn and Young Whistler, middle-weight champion of California. The latter, it will be remembered, met Faulkner not long ago, and defeated his effort to throw him five times in an hour catch-as-catch-can style. Last evening's contest was of the same style, and under the same conditions.

The men faced each other at about 10:45 and soon got to work. Seeing that he had no chance against the giant, who despite his size is still as active as an Indian rubber ball, Whistler at once resorted to ground work, displaying a good knowledge of wrestling as well as considerable muscle in his endeavor to prevent Quinn from backing him. The champion had things all his own way, however, and good-hum[illegible] took advantage of them [illegible] Whistler off his back in 1:55, :15, 3:20, 2:45, and 3:30 minutes respectively, actual wrestling time.

THE TURF.

At the Bay District track, San Francisco, yesterday afternoon, in the presence of a large crowd, Senator Stanford's filly "Sunol" trotted a mile in 2:10½, lowering her own record of 2:13¾, and beating the best record of 2:11 made by the stallion "Axtell" in Indiana a short time ago.

HERE AND THERE.

James H. Faulkner, the lightweight champion wrestler, Thomas D. Coulter and James L. Crothy have filed articles of incorporation of the Tacoma Athletic Association, with a capital of $15,000.

H. E. Field, who has just returned from a hunting trip in the interior, made a record of over 150 brace of ducks for three weeks sport.

Owing to the wet weather yesterday the football at the Hill did not draw a crowd, and the match had to be declared off.

A skirmishing match under the same conditions as the one fired on Thanksgiving Day is on the tapis between "C" battery and a picked team from the B. C. B. G. A.

A Cure for Toothache.

Gibbons' Toothache Gum is guaranteed to cure toothache instantly. Prepared by J. A. Gibbons & Co., Toronto, and sold by druggists. Price, 15 cents.
July20-12m-w

Severely Attacked.

I WAS severely attacked with diarrhœa and vomiting, the pain was intense and I thought I could not live till morning. Six doses of Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry cured me and I have not had the least symptom since.

MRS. ALICE HOPKINS,
swf Hamilton, Ont.

THE COMMERCIAL ALIENATION OF ESQUIMALT HARBOR.

TO THE EDITOR: The latest order-in-council from Ottawa relates to Esquimalt harbor, and is in keeping with the recent order from the same quarter affecting our shipping interests with Puget Sound.

The conveyance of the best part of the harbor of Esquimalt to the naval authorities practically destroys for mercantile purposes two-thirds of the finest and safest harbor on the Pacific.

We will admit that the harbor of Victoria will not be available for large shipping until many thousands of dollars shall have been expended in its improvement. But Esquimalt, having neither shoal nor rock to render access to it difficult or dangerous, stands without a peer. Practically, so to speak, a ship may find its way inside with its eyes closed and come to anchor without the assistance of a lead. The importance to our growing commerce of so advantageous a harbor cannot be over estimated, and the effect of its withdrawal from the purposes to which Nature assigned it will be disastrous. I have always looked on Esquimalt as a site for one of the future great cities of the world. Its geographical position, its safe approach, its perfectly sheltered harbor, and its nearness to illimitable natural resources, combined with the unrivalled climate of the whole of this section, have given it advantages that few if any cities in embryo possess. But these advantages have been swept off by a stroke of the pen at Ottawa. Deprived of Constance Cove, Esquimalt's anchorage is reduced to very small limits indeed. But this is not all. By the Order-in-Council merchant ships may not venture within the "charmed circle"—cross the dead-line east and south of Duntze Point unless they wish to enter the drydock. The whole of the valuable shore line, including that of the town of Esquimalt, is shut off from all shipping facilities except those afforded by H.M. fleet; and merchant vessels are assigned to a quarter of the harbor where they can neither anchor with safety, nor take in or discharge cargo.

Against the unfairness of this order-in-council every one ought to protest. Not only will it be unfair in its operation: it will be ruinous in its effects; and moreover, it is entirely unnecessary. The fleet now at anchor at Esquimalt is unusually large. It is many years since the number of ships there has been as great as at present. But I will venture to say that, properly arranged as to position, at least 50 sail might anchor to-morrow within the limits set apart for H. M. ships without fouling an anchor or a yard.

I am in favor of extending every possible facility to H. M. ships. In the past they have proved an important factor in the advancement of this section; but I am not prepared to support the sacrifice of the finest, the safest and most important harbor we possess to naval purposes.

I am glad to learn through your columns that the local government and the board of trade have already moved for a modification of the order, and I sincerely hope that their remonstrances will have the desired effect.

D. W. HIGGINS.

IS ALCOHOL A CURSE?

TO THE EDITOR,—You ask this question in to-day's issue, and if you will let me tell a little story perhaps some will agree with me that alcohol is not a curse.

Before the Canadian Pacific railway was ever contemplated, we in the east were almost unable to travel any distance in the winter, unless we lived near the line of the Grand Trunk railway. It was during a severely cold term, an Arctic wave, that I found it necessary to proceed to Quebec, with a petition to the House, which had been signed by many citizens, in some matter of public concern at the time. I have never been robust or strong, the temperature was 20 below zero in the town, and I had to cross the Saint Lawrence, at this point a mile and a half wide, with great cakes of floating ice continually passing, and a strong gale blowing from Lake Saint Peter, an expanse of the river 26 miles long and nine miles wide.

I looked forward to the trip across the river in an open canoe with dread and misgiving in such weather. Borrowing a buffalo coat, I had to go, and in due time was seated with about twenty others in the mail canoe, and we all commenced to paddle our way, exposed to the driving wind. When we came to a large cake of ice we all had to get out and shove the great boat along until we could get to the water again, to resume our paddling. It was bitterly cold, I never suffered such a trial before or since. There was no sun, only lowering clouds covered the whole sky, and it seemed to me the very marrow in my bones froze. Alternately paddling through the thick frozen water, thick with "frazil" or frozen snow, and shoving the boat over the ice, we finally reached the other side after two hours and a half of almost terrible time. We had then a long way to walk to the station, and as I had complained so of the cold in the boat, as soon as we reached the "bordage" or shore-ice, my brother pulled out his pocket flask, filled the tin with the liquor and saying he supposed he was stronger for he had not felt the cold, told me to drink it all. I did so, and returning the tin to him asked where he had got the stuff, for it only tasted like water. This frightened him, and he insisted on filling the tin again and I had to drink it, but again it tasted only like water. It was V. S. O. P. Hennessy brandy and I had drunk nearly a pint and it seemed only water, and I was still shivering. He started me off on a brisk run, and we soon passed over the mile intervening between the bordage and the station. The train was in waiting, and, as I entered the warm car, I felt a delightful glow all over me, but no fumes in the head, nothing to show I had drank nearly a [illegible]

Ever since I have looked on brandy as having saved my life, so it is not a curse but a blessing when rightly used. The French name for it is water of life, was it not so in my case? The teetotaller must be a fanatic indeed who would say that hot coffee or any other hot slops would do what that pint of raw brandy did—saved a man's life.

E. A. H.

CITY POLICE COURT.

(Before Hon. A. N. Richards, P. M.)

Philip Chalk, he of the spotless name, brick dust countenance and guileless nature, according to his own story, was charged with being drunk, and in consequence disorderly. When arrested he had been reciting "Beautiful Snow" to a street corner audience, and his choice of a recitation was alone enough to condemn him. He, however, strongly, and in his customary Booth and Barrett style protested that he was innocent. The dramatic effect was lost on his honor, who imposed the usual fine of $5 and costs.

Angus McLean, remanded from Friday for stealing an overcoat from the California Hotel was sent up for three months with hard labor.

Peter Brown, charged with assault by a little boy named Ferguson, was dismissed, it being shown that Ferguson had interfered with Peter by sending customers away from his store.

"Sweet Caporals" contain only the finest material.

Dr. Child's Pile Ointment instantly selieves and permanently cures Piles, Pruritus and all hot and itching sores and eruptions. Price, $1. Of druggists.
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A fine assortment of Teachers' Bibles.
* T. N. HIBBEN & Co.

J. P. DAVIES & CO., AUCTIONEERS.

We will sell by Public Auction at Salesroom, Wharf street, at 12 o'clock, noon,

FRIDAY, : NOVEMBER : 15, : 1889,

A number of Town Lots, located at

NELSON .˙. CITY!

THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF KOOTENAY DISTRICT,

THE RICHEST KNOWN MINERAL REGION IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The natural Railway Terminus for branch lines of the Transcontinental Railways, and the only place on Kootenay Lake where the erection of WHARF, WAREHOUSE and ORE SHEDS are now about completed.

HOTELS!

T. B. Norgate, architect, has just completed plans for a two-storey hotel, which will be erected this fall if possible, and the lumber for

NELSON .˙. HOTEL

Fronting 96 feet on Nelson Avenue, three storeys high, containing 40 bed rooms, has been arranged for, and the construction will be commenced early in the Spring of 1890.

Contracts are now asked for, for the clearing of Nelson Avenue, and a good wagon road constructed for its entire length.

Nelson City property is only for sale by auction, and no further sales will be held until May, 1890, when the contemplated improvements, and those now under construction, will be conclusive evidence to investors of the stability of

NELSON : CITY : AND : THE : WORTH : OF : NELSON : CITY : TOWN : LOTS.

TERMS:---One-half cash, one-quarter three months, one-quarter six months, without interest. Deeds, $2 each.

nov10 **JOSHUA DAVIES, AUCTIONEER.**

MARINE.

Steamer Daisy went up to Chemainus yesterday.

Steamer Sardoynx sails for the North on the 14th inst.

Steamer R. P. Rithet has been temporarily laid up at Spratt's wharf.

Tug Pilot yesterday towed the bark Tythonus, salmon laden for Liverpool, to sea.

Steamer City of Puebla will sail for San Francisco at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Steamer Sardonyx will leave this morning for Fraser river to bring down produce, etc.

It is reported that the Indian sealing schooner Sierra has gone ashore at Barclay Sound, and is a total wreck.

Steamer City of Topeka sailed for Alaska direct from Port Townsend yesterday. As she carried a large quantity of explosives and there was no freight for her here, she did not call at the outer wharf. The City of Topeka carried no passengers.

Indian Eccentricities.

Mr. Fisher, of the Albion Marble Works, Fort street, has many good stories to tell of the eccentricities of his Indian customers. More than two-thirds of those who have placed orders for grave stones or monuments within the past few months, and the number has not been a small one, have ordered for themselves. In fact it is regarded as far more satisfactory by the Indians to select their own monuments and pay for them, choose their own epitaphs, and thereby make sure of securing just what they want. By so doing they can also enjoy the unique sensation of going to their own grave, and if their feelings should happen to carry them away, weep over their loss to the community as they read their many virtues recorded on the silent stone. One emaciated brave who visited the works a few days ago, gazed solemnly at a small marble slab which was assuming form under the chisel, and enquired: "Him for Klootchman?" He was informed that it would apply equally as well for a man, a statement that he refused to believe, contending that the big round ones (monuments) were for men, the little flat ones only for women. After indulging in a heavy fit of consumptive coughing he informed the hewer of stone that he would not live long, and asked to see samples. A neat monument fixed at $70 was selected, the money paid down, and the Siwash left after ordering the following inscription to be placed on it:

"Sacred to the Memory
of
George Williams,
Aged —,
Who Died at Fort Simpson
on ———,
And went to Heiven.

He had a dream a short time before he died, and saw an angel, and climbed a gold ladder. And he has died."

CHURCH NOTICES.

Reformed Episcopal Church—Pastors, [illegible] Bishop Cridge and Rev. the Right Rev. [illegible] J. Reid. Services to-day, morning and evening, at the usual hours for public worship. The monthly service for young people in the afternoon at 3 o'clock.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low test short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 107 Wall Street, New York. au15-1y

THE LEADING FALL STOCK.

Eclipsing all others in Quantity, Quality and Price.

Beyond doubt the finest assortment of Boots and Shoes offered in this market during this Season.

Waukemphast and Cork Soled Boots in great variety. Felt Goods and Rubber ware of all descriptions.

THE CELEBRATED

BOOTS. K BOOTS.

H. MANSELL, AGENT.

Just arrived in greater variety than ever offered before in this city. Ladies, Gents', Boys' and Youths'. These goods need no comment.

Economy, Comfort and Satisfaction go with every purchase made at the

B. C. BOOT and SHOE STORE,

No. 95 Government Street, Victoria, B. C.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order in Every Style. Repairing Promptly Attended to.

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OVERCOATS. SUITS. | HATS. UNDERWEAR.

PANTS, BOYS' CLOTHING. | SCARFS. SHIRTS.

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SCOTCH HOUSE

31 Fort Street.

McLEAN & STEWART

Beg to intimate that they have received their

FALL STOCK OF CLOTHING,

Underclothing, Waterproof Goods, Umbrellas, Shirts, Hats, Caps, &c., all of which they offer at the least possible advance on cost.

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CHOICE LOTS

At Low Figures! Easy Payments!

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VICTORIA.

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